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JOYS AND SORROWS.

BY E. J. H.

I saw a tear from Beauty's eye,
A sunbeam on it lightly fell;
I heard an inward, deep-drawn sigh,
But what the cause I could not tell.

So, thought I, sorrow finds us all—
The young, the beauteous, and the gay,
Yet on our tears there still may fall
From heaven a sweetly radiant ray.

The virtuous sorrow, and 'tis o'er;
The wicked fear, and sorrow on;
Those know that there are joys in store,
These only wish their troubles gone.

The righteous feel there is a home
Belonging to the wise and good;
The wicked fear for pangs to come—
They would discredit, if they could.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE Spaniards, who have always a proverb on their lips, are particularly partial to this one—"God makes woman perfect. Man spoils her. Love redeems her."

If you leave the town of Yarnstaple on your right, and walk a matter of a mile or two, you come upon a scene which will, according to your temperament and the state of the tide, either make you shudder and turn back appalled, or rivet your attention and cause you to linger with a kind of fascination as indescribable as it is irresistible. For it is just here that the bed of the River Yaw widens, presenting at high tide a broad stretch of water pleasant to look upon; but at low tide a reach of sand, which is the embodiment of desolation and solitude.

This reach of sand goes down to the sea, which at neap tides sometimes crawls up it like a weary snake, but at spring tides comes tearing up like a wild beast rushing with an ominous and deadly silence upon its prey.

Nine persons out of ten who stand and look at low tide at this waste of still sand, and listen to the cry of the sea birds which soar across the waste—sometimes swooping down upon the fish in the shallow pools, or upon the sand eels that vainly try to burrow out of sight—would shiver, shudder, and hurry back to the comfortable inn at Yarnstaple—which is a pity, for if they would only walk half a mile along the bank, going towards the sea, they would come upon a scene which for sheer out-and out loveliness they would find it hard to match. The would find a little valley, as verdant as the Emerald Isle itself, with softly-covered hills on either side; with a rippling brook; with birds sweeter and tamer of song than the curlews and the guillemots; with everything, in short, which the poet and painter insist upon having.

In this valley, close to the mouth of the brook, stands a mill—say, rather, hides, for you cannot see it from the river bank, and the trees round shut it from the view of the hills. At one time it was, in a very small way, a flourishing little mill. Farmers brought their wheat there to be ground, the wheel spun round merrily and industriously, the miller and his man, both white with flour, sang cheerily.

But the mill has long been motionless, the machinery is rusty; and though the water still trickles over the broken wheel, it does so in a sleepy, lazy fashion, and with a subdued murmur. The neighboring farmers no longer bring their wheat—have, indeed, most of them, forgotten that the mill exists. Though within a few miles of the busy town, it is so "remote" that it might be a hundred miles distant. The cart road is overgrown with weeds and grass, through which only a narrow footpath is visible. No one has any business to transact there, so no one comes, excepting, perhaps, the ubiquitous tourist and he only stares about him for a while, and then—perhaps oppressed by the silence and the solitude—tramps off to better-known and duly advertised spots.

In this mill-cottage lived Edwin Chester and his daughter Lyra.

He had come to the cottage and its ruined mill some ten years before this story opens, when Lyra was a slip of a girl in the "all legs and wings" stage. No one knew anything about him, no one cared. Father and daughter had settled down alone and unaided, and had continued to live in the little out-of-the-way valley in solitary unfriendliness.

It is a way failures have; for the man was a failure. He had started to make money, and failed; he had married to secure happiness, and failed, for his wife had died in giving birth to Lyra. Now, many men, alas! lose their wives; and many, fortunately for them, live down their sorrow; but this man could not do so. He had loved his wife with all his heart and soul. She had been very beautiful, and she had loved him with a love almost as absorbing as his own. When she passed away she took his heart with her; it lay buried in her grave, and there it remained, notwithstanding heaven had given him a daughter as lovely as her mother and as loveable.

You see, he could never look upon Lyra's beautiful face without seeing the reflection of his dead wife's, without remembering what the child had cost him.

Shut up with his books, he lived the life of a recluse, shunning his fellow men, speaking seldom, smiling never.

In the sole companionship of her father and a hunchbacked old man—an old servant who had followed Mr. Chester in his ruin—Lyra had grown from childhood to that mystic state in which a girl stands palpitating 'twixt girlhood and womanhood.

She had no friends outside the cottage save the birds in the little wood behind the house, their wilder cousins sailing the sands, the babbling brook, the flowers in the valley, the salt waves that, when the wind blew, turned the river into a mimic sea; and her books.

A girl must love something. Lyra loved her father and Nature. Her father, unfortunately, could not return that love; but Nature had responded, and responded generously. It had lavished its gifts upon her; had given her beauty far beyond the ordinary, had given her strength, and health, and a nameless charm which perhaps the very conditions of her life had created and developed.

She was not above the average height, but exquisitely formed, with the lissome grace which belongs to those whose lives are spent in the open air, untrammelled and unhindered by such fashionable customs as tight-lacing, afternoon tea drinking, late hours, and unhealthy excitement. Her face, oval in shape, was one of those which one sees in the paintings of Murillo; the eyes dark and dreamy, yet with the "maiden fierceness" smouldering, as it were, within their depths; the mouth was not small by any means, but it spoke ere the words left the lips, so facile of expression was it; her hair was of that dark rich brown which, because it has the gold and the russet of an autumn leaf in it, we call auburn; and there was so much of it that Lyra was often tempted to cut it off, for it got in her way when she was rowing the boat across the river to the little village of Peterel on the other side, and the wind blew it about her face as she walked across the hills above the valley.

But if an artist would have fallen into a rapture at the beauty of her face, a musician would have been as delighted at the music of her voice. Naturally clear in tone, her life in these fogless regions, in which the sea and the moorland air are combined, had made her voice full and round and bell-like, though she spoke in the low tones which become habitual to those who dwell far from the madding crowd.

In short, to sum up in the passionate words of an Elizabethan poet, "Sweetness itself was she, none other in the world so sweet to me."

And all this sweetness was wasted on the desert air!

And yet Lyra did not complain, nor was she unhappy. Who can be unhappy whom the gods have blessed with youth and health and strength and a nature which can find something to love in the babbling brook, the singing birds, the flowing tide?

But these—and her books—were all Lyra had. Though her father had not forbidden her to go to the town, which, with its thin crown of filmy smoke, lay in the hollow of the hills, Lyra knew that he did not like her to go, and all her walks were taken over the hills, by the low river-bank, and up the winding valley in which the cottage nestled; and if she wanted any other exercise, why, there was the boat, which she could row and sail as skilfully, if not as strongly, as any fisherman on the estuary.

If sometimes, as she wandered over the hills, or lay back in the drifting boat, she wondered what the great world was like—the world of which she read in her books—the wonder was untouched by discontent. She lived in a world of her own—a land of dreams; and it seemed as if the hour of awakening—that hour in which the soul springs into passionate life, as the soul of the Sleeping Beauty was awakened by the kiss of the adventurous prince—would never dawn for her; as if all her life would pass away untroubled, eventless, in the secluded valley by the waste of sand and full-flowing tide, innocent of all that makes the joy and the misery of her sisters in the great world far away.

"God makes woman perfect. Man spoils her. Love redeems her." The hour was at hand!

One day in June she stood at the door of the cottage, her slim figure, in its well-worn serge frock, drawn to its full height, as she held above her head a bowl of corn, with which she was feeding a flock of pigeons that fluttered excitedly round her, so fearless in their affection and impatience that they stood upon her feet and buffeted with their wings her golden-tinged hair.

She knew them all by name, and chided them laughingly for their greediness, sometimes pushing them gently from her head, or as gently throwing them off the bowl with her hand. A hen and a brood of chickens clucked and chirped about her feet, and a dog, with the dog's cheerful readiness to take part in any noise, jumped up at her, barking and yelping lovingly.

The bent figure of an old, deformed, and hunchbacked man came down the path beside the water-wheel with a load of wood on his back, and paused to look at her with an expression of devotion in his warped face as dog-like in its intensity as the dog's own.

"Down, Carlo, down!" he said in a thin strained voice, as if it came from his narrow chest with difficulty. "You let 'em tear you to pieces, Miss Lyra."

Lyra laughed. Her laugh was like her voice—full of music, but soft and subdued, as if she were accustomed to laughing to herself for her only audience.

"No, no, Griffith," she said. "It is all right, he is doing no harm. Where are you going?" for he had put down the load of wood, and was going down the path that led from the house.

"The master wants something from Peterel."

Lyra flung the remains of the corn into the air.

"I'll go, Griffith," she said. "You are tired."

"No, no, Miss Lyra."

"But you are," she insisted. "I can see that by the way you walk, and you have carried that great pile of wood from the woods. I'll go. I should like the row. Now, don't be obstinate, there's a good Griffith. Besides, it isn't any use; I always have my way in the end, you know."

"Yes, Miss Lyra," he said in a gentler voice than one would have deemed him capable of, judging by his rugged exterior; "and from the beginning. Well, I'll get the boat ready."

Lyra turned and entered the cottage—she moved quickly though gracefully, with the gait of a girl whose every limb is under perfect command—and went into the little sitting-room, where her father was sitting reading with the blinds down, as if he were desirous of shutting out the bright, warm, June sunlight.

She glided up to him, and, bending over him, put her arms round his neck. He suffered the caress of the sweet young arms, but did not return it.

"What is it you want at Peterel, father?"

He raised his eyes from the book and gazed before him, blinking vacantly.

"At Peterel? I want nothing. Yes, I remember; I want the London paper. They take it at Greely's farm. He offered to lend it to me whenever I wanted to see it."

Lyra laughed very softly.

"Yes, I recollect. But that was what—a year ago."

"And I have not wanted to see it till now," he said, his eyes returned to his book.

"Very well, father," she said; "I don't suppose Mr. Greely has forgotten. Is there anything else?"

He looked up with weak impatience.

"What? Where are you going?" he asked, as if the subject had passed from his memory.

"To Peterel. All right, father."

She touched his head with her lips—a kiss as light as thistledown, and, leaving the room, caught up her sun-browned, weather-stained hat, and ran down the path to where the brook emptied into the river.

The tide was coming up—creeping up slowly, for it was not a rushing spring tide, and Griffith was standing keeping the boat afloat.

"I think there's enough water for you to get across, Miss Lyra," he said, bending his shoulder for her to rest her hand upon as she sprang into the boat; and she did so rest her hand, though she did not need his assistance.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I shan't be gone long, Griffith. Look after father."

He stood and watched her for a moment or two, then turned to the house, his lips moving with a "God bless her!" but in a voice that would have truly harmonized with a curse—the harsh, guttural undertone of the hunchback.

Lyra rowed against the incoming tide for a few minutes, then let the boat swing half round till its nose pointed to the opposite shore and took it straight across. She knew every inch of the river; knew where the sand raised itself into hillocks, upon which the float, if not kept clear of them, would strike and stick fast; and within ten minutes she had reached the opposite bank, pulled up the boat, and walked to the farm. It was a small farm lying almost close to the bank, and the farmer's wife had seen her coming across, and was out to meet her.

"Why, Miss Lyra, you be a stranger!" she exclaimed, wiping her hands on her apron, and looking up at the girl's lovely face with the wistful admiration of a woman from whom girlhood has gone for ever. "You're looking bonnie, too! Come in, come in!"

As they entered the farm a batch of children came rushing out, and surrounded Lyra very much as the poultry had done a few minutes before.

She had a kind word for them all, and caresses for the youngest, who, caught up in her arms, threatened, by its embraces, to pull down the thick coil of leaf-brown hair till restrained by its mother.

"Put her down, Miss Lyra, put her down!" she said. "Polly, how can you!"

"Never mind," said Lyra, laughing as the hair at last came tumbling down. "It doesn't matter, I can wind it up; besides, there is no one to see me."

She made the observation artlessly enough, but the woman sighed regretfully as she echoed it.

"No; there's no one to see you, miss, more's the pity," she said.

Lyra did not notice the response or its tone, and made her request for the paper.

"The newspaper? Yes, Miss Lyra, certainly. Now where did I see it? Joseph was reading it last night in that chair. Ah, here it is! Lor', it isn't often Mr. Chester asks to see the paper. Hope it isn't bad news he's expecting, Miss Lyra?"

CHAPTER II.

"BAD news?" said Lyra, rather heedlessly. Two children were on her lap, and the others were clustering round her. "No, I think not. I don't think my father expects any news at all. We never hear any."

"You never go into the town, Miss Lyra?"

Lyra shook her head.

"Never," she said. "Now, Johnny, I'll tell you the story of your namesake—the Giant-Killer. Well, come on my knee then; I think we can make room, can't we, Polly?"

While she told the grand old story Mrs. Greely hastened to get a cup of tea. They give you tea in Devonshire at all hours, just as in the Rhine provinces they give you wine. If you rushed into a Devonshire cottage to tell them that the world was coming to an end, they would insist upon your taking tea, cakes, and cream.

Lyra drank her cup of tea, and with the folded paper in her pocket went back to the boat.

The tide had been flowing silently, steadily, and the sandbanks in the river bed had disappeared. She got into the boat, pushed off, and began to row for the opposite shore.

For perhaps the first time in her life she—Lyra, the Yaw maiden—miscalculated the height of the tide. Thinking that she could row straight across as the crow flies, she pulled a vigorous careless stroke, and lo! in mid-stream, the keel of the boat struck one of the sandbanks, the boat swung round, and there she was aground.

She jumped up and tried to push it off into deep water, but she had rowed hard, and the keel was embedded in the soft but tenacious sand. There was nothing for it but to wait until the tide flowed higher and floated her off. Accordingly, she leant back in the stern of the boat to wait patiently. The sun poured down upon her in a manner which would have filled a London beauty with despair, for when the sun falls upon the human face divine there grow freckles; but Lyra was indifferent to freckles, and the state of her complexion troubled her not, so the sun god revelled in her beauty unchecked.

As she leant back, gazing dreamily over the waste of waters, the seagulls lowered over her, whirling in their flight, and uttering their weird shrill cries; and one or two of the flock, made daring by her stillness and the brooding silence, swept down almost as low as her face.

The air was full of life and the delight of life, the sun stirred the young blood in her. She rose presently, with an oar in her hand—not the light scull which ladies play with on milder rivers, but a short, serviceable, heavy oar—and shading her eyes with her hand, looked before her seawards. Then as the gulls audaciously swooped round her she dropped the oar, and waving her arms shouted loudly though musically, laughing as the birds, scared by the sudden cry and movements, flew shrieking beyond her reach.

Now, five minutes before, while she had been lying dreaming in the stern of the boat, a young man had appeared on the bank. He had been walking briskly enough, with his back to Yarnstaple, but with rather a careless and unobservant air. He was a remarkably good-looking young fellow, and, even for these days of athleticism, strikingly well-made and statuesque.

He was dressed in a knickerbocker suit of rough tweed, and he wore the suit as a gentleman does, with that air of unconscious ease which distinguishes the true gentleman from the make-believe. One would describe his appearance—the cleanly-cut features, the steady but brilliant eye, the graceful poise of the well-knit frame—as a patrician; but, unfortunately, so many patricians nowadays possess anything but well-knit frames, brilliant eyes, and cleanly-cut features; indeed, a great many of them are terribly commonplace in face, manner, and appearance.

This young man strode along, swinging his stick, and followed by a wiry fox-terrier, walking fast, but as if he were putting on the pace rather for his own amusement than an object, and with his eyes steadily fixed before him.

It was not until Lyra had rowed some distance from the opposite shore that he chanced to look that way, and saw her. He did not stop even then, but walked on, looking at her and admiring her long, steady stroke.

"Jove!" he said to himself. "Wouldn't disgrace a 'Varsity boat. If some of our fellows would come down to a place like this, and take lessons from a fisherman—or a fisherman's daughter, for that matter—they'd get a sight of good."

As he made this wise reflection Lyra struck upon the sandbank, and the stroke he had so much admired came to a sudden cessation.

He stopped and leant on his stick.

"Run aground!" he murmured. "Now, I wonder whether she'll be able to get it off. The tide's rising, so she's all right, I suppose."

He stood watching, quite easy in his mind, until Lyra's sudden uprising and gesticulation.

Certainly, to a man standing on the bank at some distance from the boat, it looked as if the occupant had got into trouble, and had suddenly become painfully aware of the fact; in fact, it looked to him as if Lyra was in a terrible state of fright.

"George! Something has happened," he exclaimed to himself. "She's lost her nerve, or the boat's keeling over and filling."

At that moment Lyra, all unconscious of a spectator—and listener—uttered a louder cry, and swung her arms about her head.

To him the cry was a cry for help, the gesture one of despair.

"Yes," he said, "she's in a deuce of a fix, and in a deuce of a fright. She's as likely as not to upset that cockleshell, and then——"

He looked at the tide, now flowing fast and rather angrily, and then at the boat, and he lifted his voice in what he intended to be a shout of encouragement. Unfortunately for him—or for her? How Fate mocks us!—the shrilling of the seagulls was in Lyra's ears, and she did not hear him; and, as if in response to his shout, she uttered another cry.

"Well, there's nothing for it," he said with an air of resignation, "I don't mind a swim, though I should prefer it without my clothes. Bother the girl, I can't stand here and see her drown, and I suppose she would drown."

He took off his Norfolk jacket and waistcoat with a leisurely kind of quickness, and after wading into the stream as far as he could, took to swimming, and swam towards the boat.

That is to say, he swam towards the boat for the first few yards, then the stream took hold of him boldly, irresistibly and bore him upwards.

"Confound it, who'd have thought it ran so hard," he muttered; but he fought against it with that stolid kind of steadfastness which distinguishes your practiced athlete, and, just to let the damsel in distress know that he was hastening to her rescue, shouted to her encouragingly.

This time Lyra heard the shout, and turning her head saw him—saw him with amazement, for never in her life before had she seen a man swimming in the tideway of the Yaw. For, sad to say, persons living by a river are not given to bathing.

She watched him with surprise and much interest, but suddenly the astonishment and interest changed to a deeper feeling.

Tidal rivers are dangerous for strangers. They are full of under currents which, though unseen, are deadly strong and as deadly deceitful.

The young fellow was in the grip of one of these currents, and as she looked she saw that he was being borne along against his will, against his struggles.

Lyra knew that a man caught in such a current might fight in vain to reach the shore, that he might struggle and struggle until his breath and his strength were gone, and the swirling river sucked him under its deceitful calm surface.

Her face grew pale, and for a moment she stood transfixed by his danger; then, the blood rushing to her face with shame for her moment of irresolution, she caught up the oar, easily pushed the boat off the sandbank, and rowed to the swimmer.

Perhaps because her heart was beating fast; she did not row as strongly and quickly as usual, and the current—a different one to that in which the young fellow was struggling—bore her away from him.

Looking over her shoulder she saw his head sinking lower, saw his stroke becoming more rapid—a mistake which a swimmer in difficulties always must make—and a low cry of alarm escaped her lips.

Then she set herself to her task, kept the nose of the boat straight, and sent it rushing through the water. She was almost within reach of him—she could see his face, pale but quite fearless, when he suddenly disappeared. She did not cry out, but she held the boat up against the current so that it might not pass over him and leant over the side.

He came up close to her. He was conscious still; she could see that much, as she made a grab at him; but the boat swerved and he was swept beyond her reach.

Then she called to him, her clear voice thrilling above the whirl of the tide against the prow of the boat—

"Keep still! Float! Float!"

He must have heard her, or he followed the natural impulse of an accomplished swimmer, for he turned on his back. In another instant she had sent the boat towards him, and leaning over now, so that the gunwale almost touched the water, seized him by his shirt.

She held him by a grip like a vice, but she could not, of course, lift him.

"Cling to the boat!" she said.

He assented with a rather languid movement of his eyelids, and what was intended for a smile, and he put up his hand and seized the side of the boat. She put her hand upon his—it struck very, very cold—as if she would hold him by sheer force, and so they drifted for a hundred yards.

Then he put up the other hand, and as she careened the boat over to him, and put her strong young arms round him, he slowly, and none too easily, drew himself into it.

He lay at the bottom of the boat, panting like a man who has been run out of breath, for some moments, then he rose into a sitting posture, and pushing the hair from his forehead, said rather breathlessly—

"I'm afraid I don't understand the rules of this game."

Lyra looked at him—she was bending forward, the sculls in both hands, keeping the boat straight. The color was coming and going in her face, her eyes were full of a divine pity, a human gratitude.

"What?" she murmured faintly.

He hoisted himself upon the stern thwart.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid I don't understand the rules of this game."

"Game?" she echoed, looking at him, the red dyeing her face one moment and fading the next.

"No," he said, with a laugh that was rather shaky. "You are all right, I hope?"

Lyra stared at him, her brows straightening—they were darker than her hair, and did marvelous things in the way of expression.

"I—all right? I? Oh, yes, yes! But you! How could you—could you bathe in the river without knowing the currents!"

Then she stopped, as she remembered that people do not bathe in their clothes.

It was his turn to stare, and he took his innings to the full.

"Bathe!" he exclaimed. "How could I bathe?" Then he burst into a laugh, a short, almost fierce laugh. "Well!—oh, I wish you weren't here!"

"Wish I weren't here?" Lyra's lips reformed his words.

"Yes; because I should like to swear—swear hard! But I beg your pardon," he said abruptly. He had been looking at her; had seen by this time that she was no fisherman's daughter, no farm girl. "It was your joke, and you are fully entitled to it."

"My joke?" Lyra stopped rowing, and opened her lovely eyes upon him. "My joke! I don't know what you mean!" and there was a note of indignation in her amazement.

He wrung the water of the Yaw from his shirt-sleeves and his knickerbockers, and laughed.

"Weren't you in difficulties?" he said. "But I see now you weren't. You pushed the boat off quite easily. I thought it was heeling over, that you were calling for assistance."

Lyra flushed crimson.

"I—I was calling to the birds, frightening the gulls," she faltered.

He stopped in his wringing process and gazed at her, and as he gazed her beauty smote him more fully. He forgot her response almost, in his intense appreciation of her fresh young loveliness.

"Calling to the gulls! Oh, by Jove!" and he laughed in self-derision, "I thought you were shouting for help."

"I!" said Lyra, open-eyed. "Why should I? The boat was aground, and I had only to wait till the tide rose and floated it. And—and it was because you thought I was in danger that—that——"

He nodded, as he took off his shoes and poured the water out of them.

"Did you ever hear the story of the man in the train?" he asked.

She did not shake her head, but he took her silence as a confession of ignorance, and went on.

"A man in the train groaned or moaned, the passenger opposite him took out a flask of brandy and kindly offered it to him; the other fellow looked rather surprised, but took a drink and returned the flask. When they got to the terminus the man who had offered the flask leant forward and said, 'I hope you are better now.' 'Better?' said the other. 'Why, nothing is the matter with me; I'm not ill.' 'Not ill!' said the good Samaritan. 'Why, I heard you groaning.' 'Groaning!' exclaimed the other. 'Oh, no; I was only singing.'

Lyra smiled; she could not laugh. Through her brain—through her heart, ran the whisper: He thought you were in danger; he has risked his life for you!

Then she said—and what a miserable commonplace it sounded!

"I—I am afraid you are very wet."

He laughed.

"Yes, that about describes my condition, but——" his careless tone changed, under the troubled expression in her eyes, to a more serious one. "There's nothing in that. I was just looking out for an excuse for a swim, and, really and truly, I'm much obliged to you. But I'm afraid I've given you a great deal of trouble, and a fright into the bargain. I didn't take the currents into consideration."

Lyra's face grew a shade paler and her eloquent eyes drooped, hid themselves between their lids lest he should see the motion in them.

"You—you were nearly——" She could not go on.

"Nearly done, do you mean?" he said carelessly. "Yes, I suppose I was; I don't know why, for I'm not a bad swimmer. The sudden cold of the water after the heat, perhaps, and I fancy I felt a touch of cramp, too."

Lyra shuddered.

"But please—please don't be concerned about me, I'm all right." He laughed. "I shall be dry before we get to shore."

A silence fell upon them both. She rowed on; he sat pressing the water from his shirt-sleeves and smoothed his short hair, which seemed to be almost dry already.

Lyra looked at him without seeming to look at him. All women, the most innocent and unsophisticated, know how to perform this trick; they learn it in their cradles.

She noticed the fashion of his garments, the shapely, sun-tanned hands, with the thick gold ring on the fourth finger of the left, the handsome face with its short-cut, military-looking moustache, the dark eyes—brilliant again now.

She had never, in all her life, seen any man like this one. And he, well, he could not "look without looking;" but as he sat there he was as conscious of the lovely face, of the grace of the lithe figure, of the half proudly-shy, half mournful light in the lovely eyes. And, for the first time in his life, this man—not a very good man, by the way, a man who knew all the ways of this wicked world of ours—felt subdued and quieted.

The boat touched the shore, and, as if

awaking from a spell, he leapt out and offered her his hand.

She just touched it, and stood at his side.

"No, no!" he said, as she began to pull the boat in; and silently she stood aside and let him do it.

"My coat and waistcoat are along there," he said. "I'll——" For, perhaps, the first time in his life, his voice faltered in addressing a woman. "I'll wish you good afternoon."

She stood with downcast eyes for an instant, then she raised them, but did not look at him, but at the opposite shore.

He took her silence for his dismissal.

"Yes, good afternoon. I'd thank you for saving my life——"

She turned to him with a swift, eloquent protest.

"——But I know you wouldn't care for that sort of thing; nobody does. 'Pon my word I don't know why! Most people set a good deal of store by their lives, and fight hard enough for them."

Lyra opened her lips as if about to speak, but at the instant footsteps sounded behind them, and the thin, bent figure of her father came up.

"Have you got the paper, Lyra?" he said, as if the presence of the young man were unnoticed by him.

"Yes, father," he said. Her voice faltered slightly and she moved her hand towards the stranger as if calling her father's attention to him.

Mr. Chester raised his lack-lustre eyes and blinked.

"He—he has been nearly drowned," said Lyra, trying to speak carelessly, coldly—why, she could not have told.

"That's true, sir," said the young man, "and should have been quite but for your daughter."

Mr. Chester blinked at him in silent apathy for a moment as if nearly-drowned young men were on constant supply.

"Yes?" he said dreamily; "You had better come in and dry your clothes."

The young fellow hesitated, and looked from Lyra to her father, and then at the river, and his own boots, and then at Lyra again, while the fox-terrier yapped quite plainly, "Why don't you accept?" She stood silent, motionless, palely statuesque.

The woman who hesitates is lost. How much more often is she lost when the man hesitates?

"Thanks," he said, almost curtly; "I think I will."

And so the hour of Lyra's awakening struck!

CHAPTER III.

THE young man followed Mr. Chester into the cottage. Lyra remained by the boat for a few minutes, looking dreamily across the river to the spot where she had snatched him out of the jaws of death; then she, too, entered the house, and found the other two engaged in discussing the young fellow's wet clothes.

"I don't know what's to be done," Mr. Chester was saying, in a rather querulous tone. "You must be wet—very wet, of course—and ought to dry your things; but I don't know what you are to wear; you couldn't get into anything of mine, and there's no one else. You wouldn't like to go to bed, I suppose?" he suggested.

The young fellow laughed. He was seated by the window in the hot sunlight, and seemed to be as much at ease as if he had known his host for years.

"I certainly should not," he said. "Please don't trouble about me. My things are nearly dry by this time, and if they weren't it wouldn't matter. It's salt water, you know; and besides, I'm used to getting wet; I'm always wading about when I'm fishing. It doesn't in the least matter."

Mr. Chester shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"It would be the death of me," he remarked.

There was a moment or two of silence. Lyra had taken off her hat, and was spreading the cloth for lunch.

The young fellow allowed his eyes to wander round the room, with its dark, old-fashioned furniture and closely-crammed bookcase; its antique copper-plate engravings and well-worn carpet. Then his gaze settled on Lyra. She was like a beautiful flower in a dusky garden, a spot of delicious color and light.

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" asked Mr. Chester, holding his book with his thumb between the pages, as if he were only waiting for his visitor to take himself off to resume his reading.

"Quite," was his reply. "I came down here for some fishing, but the late heavy rains have made the stream too thick, and I'm waiting for it to clear. I ought to tell you my name," he added, with an easy frankness. "It is Armitage—Dane Armitage."

Mr. Chester nodded and smiled faintly.

"Yes? Mine is Chester. This is my daughter Lyra." He smiled again. "It is a strange introduction."

"Yes," said the younger man rather quietly. "If it had not been for Miss Chester's pluck and presence of mind there wouldn't have been any introduction at all."

Most fathers would have looked pleased at this tribute to their daughter's courage, but Mr. Chester only nodded absently.

"Dane! it's a singular Christian name," he said musingly.

The owner of the singular name laughed.

"Isn't it? I don't know why my godfathers and godmothers bestowed it on me, though I fancy it is an old family name. I've an aunt who firmly believes that we had something to do—in the past—with the Danes who first came over and made themselves unpleasant in Britain. It's strange how anxious most respectable and honest people are to claim kinship with a band of robbers whether they came over with William the Conqueror or anyone else. It doesn't matter so that it happened a long while ago."

Mr. Chester nodded and blinked absently.

"We are of the Chesters of Lowickshire ——" he began; then stopped.

"Yes? I know some of them," said Dane Armitage casually.

"Oh, I haven't seen any of my people for years—many years," Mr. Chester made haste to remark; then, as if desirous of getting away from the subject, he went on to inquire if the fishing was good in the river.

"Yes; I believe so. I'm told so. You don't fish?"

Mr. Chester shook his head.

"No," he said. "I have never been up to the fresh-water part of the river. I seldom go outside my garden, excepting to the bank of the river, or up the valley. Is lunch nearly ready, Lyra?"

He was not inhospitable, but the unwonted presence of a stranger and the necessity of talking to him were irksome to the recluse. If Dane Armitage, whoever he was, would be content to sit in silence, and not want to be talked to, he might, so far as Mr. Chester was concerned, sit there for a week.

The maid brought in the cold beef and the rest of the frugal fare, and Lyra took her place at the head of the table. Dane Armitage drew up his chair, and made a hearty meal.

His manner was perfectly free from even the shadow of shyness, and he talked freely, gradually addressing himself almost entirely to Lyra as he saw her preferred silence.

Lyra listened as one listens to a new song, and looked at him as one looks at something quite novel, and, hitherto, undreamed of.

He talked of the strange world of which she was so ignorant, and talked of it as if he knew it—and a very great deal of it—exceedingly well. It seemed to her that he had been everywhere: fishing in Norway, and Iceland—Iceland!—grizzly bear hunting in the Rockies; pig sticking in India, elephant shooting in Ceylon; skating in Russia; yachting in the Mediterranean. As she listened, her chin resting in her hand, her beautiful face with its intent, thoughtful expression forming an exquisite picture, her eyes, though they were fixed on his face, saw it not; she was trying to realize the sort of life he must have led. It seemed to her like that of a fabled hero in its contrast to her own limited existence.

She woke from her reverie with a start when his voice ceased, and rose, still rather dreamily.

"Shall we go into the garden, it is warmer there than in here, and you must still be wet?"

"Not a bit," he said in his prompt, almost abrupt, fashion, "but I should like to go into the garden all the same."

As he rose, the terrier which had been lying at his feet rose and barked.

"Oh! I quite forgot him," said Lyra, "I am so sorry. Poor little doggie!"

She cut him some scraps of meat and went down on one knee to feed him, and his owner stood and looked down at the pair. They reminded him of a colored picture in one of the Christmas annuals.

"Will you come, father?" Lyra asked, but Mr. Chester shook his head.

"Mr.—Mr. Armitage will excuse me," he said, "I like to rest after my meals——" as if he ever did anything else but rest.

Lyra pulled down the blind to exclude the sunlight, and before they had left the room Mr. Chester had returned to his book

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARTING.—Parting is not all loss—necessarily so, at least—even when it is regarded as final. When it is temporary, its uses are more obvious. As "the quarrels of lovers is the renewal of love," so parting with beloved ones is sometimes the most active stimulus to the increase of affection. In ordinary cases, children never love their parents so devotedly as when they are sent from home to school.

Parents never think more fondly or more disinterestedly of their children than when they have dismissed them from the home circle to the wide and ever-widening one of the world. We all love most tenderly, if not most actively, those who are away.

We all realize the bliss of our affections the more fully after an interval of separation. The hunger of our hearts is made keener by parting. It is not a pleasant discipline—no; but as it is one which we must encounter, whether we will or no, and as it is not without its advantages to such as look for them, better is it that we accept it manfully, and let the consent of our will go with the fiat of our lot.

One more, and perhaps the most notable, phenomenon of parting remains to be mentioned. It is this: that albeit all other partings from those we love are painful, parting with ourselves is supremest bliss. To cease to be our own by giving ourselves away—there is no luxury to be compared with it. Good men everywhere are longing and striving to part with the lordship of their own wills, and to lose it in the fitter dominion over them of a perfect will.

What most we love, or are apt to love—ourselves—it is the purest of all blessedness to give up. It is something—nay, it is much—to shift the centre of our desires, hopes, joys, fears, trust, affection, and sense of obligation from within ourselves, even when the object to which we remove it is both fallible and temporary.

How infinitely more when that object is the Highest, the Everlasting! Most profoundly true it is that "whoso seeketh his own life, loseth it; and whoso will lose it, shall find it." The seeming paradox is explained and verified by experience. Only by parting with ourselves, do we gain ourselves; and in this broad sense it is unquestionable that self-sacrifice is the sum and substance of true religion.

TO SEE WHO WAS MASTER.—Napoleon III. not only suppressed stage plays that displeased him, but tried to force other pieces upon the boards, whether the public liked them or not. He had a protege, one Lemercier, whom he endeavored to put forward as a great dramatist, and when his piece, a dreadfully stupid thing, called Christopher Columbus, was produced at the Odeon, Napoleon, though he had not seen it, pronounced it a masterpiece.

The critical student contingent of the Quartier Latin ventured to differ from their imperial master, whereupon the latter got exceedingly wroth. In vain did youngsters argue that their objection lay with the violation of the unities of time and place—for romanticism had not then been heard of in France; Napoleon would have none of their objections.

For three nights had the students indulged in cat-calls and hisses from the beginning of the third act until the end, when the emperor had announced that he himself would witness the fourth performance: "just in order to see who is master," he said.

The house was crowded from floor to roof. The first two acts went off as usual. At the rise of the curtain on the third, which had been marked by the expression of disapproval, there was not a sound. The emperor surprised, but pleased, looked round, when a strange sight met his eyes.

From gods to groundlings, every man-Jack had donned an immense cotton nightcap, and heads were reclining on breasts, as if wrapped in deep slumber.

Napoleon could not resist the joke. He burst out laughing. The cause of the post was lost.

TRUE TO LIFE—She: "This is an awfully long play. The hero does not marry the heroine until the close of the fifth act. Five acts are too many." He: "But you forget that this is a modern love-story and the scene is laid in the present day. An author must make his play natural and true to life. Formerly love-plays were quite short; but nowadays the men are so shy, from being hunted so much, that it takes the most attractive woman a long time to run a man down and capture him."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PROPHET'S NAME.—Whenever a strict Mohammedan pronounces the name of the prophet, he piously kisses his thumb-nails, presses them to his forehead, and says, "The prophet of God, to whom be all glory!"

BEES.—The Guadaloupe bees lay their honey in bladders of wax about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in combs. The bees have no stings, are small, and of a black color. The honey is of an oily consistency, and never hardens.

SWEDISH WEDDINGS.—A curious custom prevails in Sweden. On her wedding day the bride has her pockets filled with bread. On her way to church she distributes the pieces among the poor, believing that each gift will avert some future misfortune from the household.

DUCKS AND GEESE.—Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is found only in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

IN JAPAN.—Japanese children are brought up under a compound system of bitter and sweet, under which the father is supposed to be strict, while the mother is benevolent—in fact, according to the Japanese idea, one of the four terrible things in the world, three of which are earthquakes, thunderstorms, and conflagrations, is the strict father.

SOUTH AMERICAN FISHING.—In South-American waters mullet are taken in enormous quantities by boats which go out with wire baskets at the bows filled with blazing pitch-pine. For the purpose in view, the craft is so loaded as to bring the gunwale on one side down nearly to a level with the water, and the fish, attracted by the light, jump on board by hundreds.

THE MOUSTACHE.—It is Spain that is credited with the origin of the moustache. At a period after the Moorish invasion, when the Christian and Moslem populations became so mixed that it was hard to say which were Moors and which Spaniards, the pious Spaniards hit upon the moustache as a means of identification. They permitted the hair on the upper lip to grow, and also a tuft on the under lip, an outline of the cross being thus formed.

A WONDERFUL FORCE.—A few years ago a portion of the pavement in Grosswell road, London, was lifted out of its place in some mysterious way. Before the workmen were sent to replace it numerous toadstools made their appearance in the cracks between the misplaced stone and its fellows. Investigation proved that the stone, which was 2 feet one way by 4 the other, and weighed 210 pounds, had actually been lifted out of place by the resistless growing force of these soft, spongy fungi.

THE GIRAFFE.—The giraffe is, in its own country, a beast of no inconsiderable value. Its thick tough skin, which has from time immemorial provided Africans with splendid material for shields, bucklers, whips, and sandals has always commanded a certain rate of exchange. Nowadays when the hippopotamus and rhinoceros are approaching extermination in habitable Africa, the hide of a giraffe ranges from four pounds to five pounds in value, merely to provide the universal sjambok, or whip, for the South-African rider and ox-driver. An old bull will furnish a hide of about an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness.

ALBINO ANIMALS IN JAPAN.—Albino animals are regarded by the Japanese in a superstitious light. The appearance of one is considered a good omen for the reigning Mikado, and occasionally signalizes a reign. For example, one reign is called "the period of the white pheasant," another "the period of the white phœnix." A white fox is often mentioned in their fables, and a white serpent appears in their pictures of the goddess of fortune. Among the Japanese, as among the ancient Greeks, white horses were dedicated to the gods, and are still attached to the larger temples of the country. The milk and butter of white cows were formerly prized as a medicine.

A WIDOWERS' CLUB.—The latest development in co-operation in the Widowers' Association of Dresden. It is, in fact, a sort of widowers' club. A man becomes eligible on the death of his wife. An application for membership may be anticipated a day or two in advance, fortified by the physician's certificate. The response of the association, which is a token of the applicant's acceptance, is taking charge of the funeral and relieving the inconsolable one from its painful details, decorations, accounts, precedence, and like matters. This is followed up by engaging governesses for the bereaved children, putting them out to nurse, if necessary, and providing satisfactory servants to look after the comfort of the family. More immediate consolation, in the form of lighter entertainment, is offered for the widower at the club.

ACCUSING the times is but excusing ourselves.

BE BRAVE.

BY E. A. B.

Look deep into thy heart, oh, friend!
Fear not, look deep!
Pierced thro' thy soul to life's dear end
While lie asleep
What angels had thee in their keep.

'Twixt thee and them dark shadows brood
And phantoms dread—
A dim long way that passion strewed
With all thy dead—
Stark sins that thou alone hast viewed.

Past these far down behold and weep
Still bitter tears—
Thou may'st not to thy old self leap,
Cast off the years;
As we have sown so shall we reap!

But they are best who dare draw glove
With self to war;
Christ still has charity to save
Who vilest are,
If they have virtue to be brave!

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PRICE OF THE SECRET.

IT WAS utterly impossible, incredible, that Adam Ramsay should be speaking of his wife; of the queenly, beautiful woman whom princes and peers feted and flattered! the woman whose royal manner and graceful bearing made her the most distinguished of women wherever she went! That he should be speaking of her was monstrous, yet something compelled him to listen.

"She met me," continued the traitor, "and she made no attempt, when she found out who I was, to deny anything. It was merely a question of price—as to my terms. She asked me for time, and I gave her a week to think it over in."

"If that be true," said Lord Arden, quickly, "why are you here now, before the week is ended? And why have you betrayed her?"

The question seemed to rouse him from his rapidly increasing state of stupefaction.

"I have not betrayed her," he answered. "I have only told you."

"You do not call that betrayal then, telling the whole story to me?" said the earl.

"No, you are one!" said Adam Ramsay. "It is no betrayal. I have not meant it for such."

"You have believed that I should pay you, as she would," said the earl.

"It matters little who gives me the money, provided I get it," said Adam Ramsay.

"Why are you here to-night?" asked the earl, abruptly.

Adam Ramsay looked at him in sullen shyness.

"Because I am mad!" he replied. "I have thought of her all day, and have been drinking all day. I tell the truth, you see, my lord. I drank—you can not tell what it is—I have not tasted brandy for years, and to-day I have made up for it. She gave me ten pounds. It is drink and madness that have brought me here. If—if I have done any mischief, I am sorry for it, but I went mad, for want of seeing her. If she had seen me for five minutes I would have gone away quietly, but she would not."

And the lady of whom he was speaking was the beautiful woman in the royal robes, who had been that night the queen of the most brilliant ball of the season, "going for five minutes to see him!"

"I have listened with patience," said the earl. "I repeat that if I did not believe you to be both mad and intoxicated, I would slay you for the infamous lies that you have told me. I do not believe one word of what you say. It is a madman's dream—nothing more!"

"Confront me with her!" cried Adam Ramsay; "let me stand face to face with Hester Blair!"

"There is no need for insulting Lady Arden—" began the earl; but the words died on his lips, for at that moment, pale and trembling, Lady Arden entered the room.

Lord Arden looked up hastily; the ghastly pallor of the beautiful face and the wild, haunted expression of the blue eyes struck him with dismay.

"Do not come here, my darling," he cried; "this is no place for you."

But Adam Ramsay sprung up in all the excitement of madness.

"Now ask her; now let her stand face to face with me; now ask her, 'Is she Hester Blair?'"

Those white lips of hers did not open to make any answer; but she stretched out her arms to Lord Arden. He went to her. She could not move one step toward him; her strength had failed her. She stood there like a crushed and broken lily. He went to her and took her in his arms, folded her to his heart, kissed her beautiful face, forgot all about Adam Ramsay in his distress over her; and that sight so enraged Adam Ramsay, so angered him, made him so madly, hotly jealous and envious that the last remnant of reason died in him. He would not have betrayed her had he been sane or sober; it was the fiend of madness, the demon of drink that urged him to it.

He laughed—a horrible laugh that sounded like madness.

"Yes," he said; "kiss her—Hester Blair! I would have given my life to have touched even her hand. Kiss Hester Blair!" Her arms closed round her husband's neck; she clung to him with the passion of despair. "That is the secret," continued the man, with the same mad excitement; "that is it. It is worth a fortune to me. Now, what will you give me, my lord of Arden, not to tell the whole world that your wife is the famous, or as some call her the infamous, Hester Blair?"

Her face was still buried in his breast. Only Heaven knew what was passing in her heart.

Lord Arden's face grew livid with rage.

"Alice," he said, gently, "do not be afraid of this man or his mad invention. Raise your head. Look at him. Have no fear. He is a wild beast, but he will not spring at you. I repeat here, in your presence, my love whom I love—my wife whom I trust, that I do not believe one word. If I ask you to deny it, it is that he may be punished for the slander. I will punish him for the insult. He has sneered at British peers. I will show him what the arm of a British peer is like. Tell him to his face that he has lied!"

She raised her head; she would have give the whole world for physical strength; but the husband who held her so tightly in his arms felt that graceful figure shudder and tremble. She looked at Adam Ramsay with piteous eyes, with a face so white, so scared, it might have won compassion from the hardest heart.

"Tell him that he has lied!" cried the earl; but the evil smile on Ramsay's face daunted her—frightened her.

"She can not! my lord," he cried. "Hester Blair was falsely charged with murder, but Hester Blair can not tell a lie."

It was to Lord Arden's unutterable consternation that he saw the white face fall again, and knew that his wife had no power of speech; that she could not look that wretched man in the face and say that he had lied.

"My lord," said Adam Ramsay, "it is no use to prolong this scene; you give me the price of my secret and let me go. Hester Blair can not deny it, and if she forces herself—if you force her—to deny it, of what avail? If you will buy me off, purchase my silence, I will go; if not, I will fight it out with you; it shall be as you please. If I can do no better I shall at least gain a small fortune from the newspapers. Of what use to deny a fact? A fact can always be proved. The woman you hold clasped in your arms is as surely Hester Blair as the sun shines in the sky. I can prove it in a hundred different ways. If you can meet my proofs, let her do so. If they fail, imprison me for life; if they succeed, you will have ruined yourself and your wife by examining them. If Dudley Ross stood here, with the light that I can throw on matters, do you not think that he would recognise Hester Blair? The coronet of a countess hides much; it will not disguise her from the eyes that knew her. If the judge who summed up the case so lucidly and clearly stood there he would recognize her, for his eyes never left her face. If the twelve good men and true, who listened day after day to the details, stood there, do you think they would not recognise the face that changed as theirs changed? Send for the friends of Angus Graham Blair, who were also friends of Hester Blair; and send for Sir Alan Fletcher, for Captain Douglas, for Sir James Hart"—he who held her closely clasped to his heart, felt how she shuddered at the mention of each name. Why should she if she did not know them? "Last of all," said Adam Ramsay, "do what has not been done, inquire at the office of 'The City of Pearl,' and you will find that Hester Blair, under the name of Annie Malcolm, never sailed at all. The vessel went without her; her name was left in the list of passengers, but she herself was never among them. My lord, if I can prove these things, will you give me the price of my secret? If you are a wise man you will give it to me without any inquiries, which would raise suspicion, to say the least of it."

The earl felt distracted; until now his faith in his beautiful wife had never wavered. He had firmly believed Adam Ramsay to be mad—he had been patient and forbearing—he would not have his wife injured, even by the ravings of a madman. He had expected that she would draw up that proud figure of hers to the utmost height; that she would strike him dumb with one flashing glance from her face; that she would utter, perhaps, one contemptuous denial, or that she might not even do that.

But—the woman who shuddered and trembled in his arms, who buried her face in his breast, who clung to him with the energy of despair, did none of these things; she did not even deny the monstrous thing that was said of her; she did not even show any indignation over it. She shrunk from him; she cowered before his words, she shuddered and trembled at them; but she showed no burning indignation, and the earl looked on with unutterable dismay.

"Take my advice, my Lord Arden," said Adam Ramsay. "Pay me and let me go—buy my secret! No one else will ever know it! Pay me, and I will go! You can make it up with my lady when I am gone. My lord," he continued earnestly, "you have common sense. Do you think if Lady Arden could deny what I say that she would not? If she is not Hester Blair why does she not turn round on me, and order me from her presence?"

He strained her to his heart in an agony of apprehension. Oh, Heaven, if one tithe of this should be true!

"Alice," he whispered to her, "what shall I do?"

The white arms tightened their clasp round his neck, the white, beautiful face was raised to his. The whole confession of her story was made in a few words.

"Pay him, and send him away." There was no denial, no indignation, no disdain, no queenly hauteur. "Pay him, and send him away," she repeated; "send him far away so that he will never return."

She whispered the words, and the breath that played upon his cheek was like a flame of fire.

For one moment he was thunderstruck, bewildered. It was true then, this horrible story, and the woman he held in his arms was Hester Blair, whose trial he had read, and whom he himself had pronounced guilty. Slowly he withdrew from her, slowly he put her away from him, slowly he withdrew his eyes from the beautiful face which had been as a star in heaven to him. He staggered under the shock, he stood for one minute like a man who had been stunned by a terrible blow; then with a great effort he turned from Hester Blair—never Alice to him again—and looked Adam Ramsay straight in the face.

"Your price?" he said, slowly, and the evil countenance cleared.

"You are convinced, then, my lord?"

"I am not; but I will deal with you as though I were. Your price?"

"I would have been content with one thousand pounds down and five hundred a year, at first," said Adam Ramsay, "now I shall ask for two thousand down and the annuity for life."

Without another word Lord Arden brought out his check book. He held it before him.

"The oath even, of a man like yourself," he said, "is worthless; your word, your bond, are worthless; I exact no promise, because I should not believe in any. I shall place the payment of the annuity in the hands of my lawyers, who will receive instructions that when you violate the conditions on which it is paid, it will at once cease."

"What are those conditions?" asked Adam Ramsay.

"First, and foremost, that the names of Hester Blair and Lady Arden never cross your lips."

"I swear it," said Adam Ramsay, solemnly; and a conviction came to the earl that he would keep his word.

"The second is that you leave England, never to return. You can go to any part of America you choose. The first attempt you make at returning will end the annuity at once."

"I swear," he cried, "that I will go to-morrow, and I will never return."

"Take the money," said Lord Arden, "and take your hateful presence from us."

But he turned to Lady Arden with a low cry.

"You will say good-bye to me, Hester Blair!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SHE looked at him then for the first time since she entered the room. There was no reproach, no anger in her beautiful eyes, nothing but vague dreamy wonder.

"It had to come," she said, in a low, dreamy voice, "but it seems to me strange that it should come through you. Why did you betray me?"

And that one question seemed to bring Adam Ramsay to his senses. He looked at her, then at the money in his hands. She followed his glance.

"I could have paid you the money," she continued dreamily, "just the same. Why have you betrayed me?"

He looked confused and ill at ease.

"Tell me," she continued, in the same calm, dreamy tone as though she were speaking of something that did not concern herself. "When I think of this tragedy in the years to come I shall wish to know why you betrayed me."

And she forgot entirely that her words were to her husband an entire and complete confession of her guilt. She never thought of that.

He bowed low before her.

"I am ashamed of it," he said. "I meant to trade upon the secret—I meant to live upon it but I did not mean to betray you."

"Then why have you done so?" she asked, again.

"My lady," he said, humbly. "I drunk myself mad with brandy—my senses are coming back to me—and I begin to see what I have done. Oh, say good-bye to me, Hester Blair!"

"Good-bye," she said, "and may the curse of a broken heart cling to you!"

The earl opened the door; he could not conceal the agony on his face; the great drops stood on his brow.

"Go quickly," he said, "there is a limit to human endurance."

He went, and as he passed out of that room with a lingering look at the beautiful woman he had ruined and destroyed, he passes out of this story. When the fumes of the brandy passed off, when he became sober and sane, and realized what he had done, he could have killed himself; he meant to trade upon his secret, but he never meant to betray Hester Blair.

He went to America, where for three years he recived the promised money. He kept strictly to his agreement; he never again mentioned the name which was burned on his brain and his heart; he never made any attempt to return to England. He drunk himself to death, but even in dying made no sign.

They were left alone—husband and wife! When the door closed behind her betrayer, Lady Arden went up to her husband. She looked at him.

"Leo," she said, "tell me my doom! It is all true," she replied, "I am—I was Hester Blair!"

"And now you are Hester Arden," he said. "Why did you deceive me?"

"Because I loved you, and in my whole piteous life I had loved no one before."

He looked at her with keen, critical eyes.

"You are the woman," he said, "who stood before the eyes of a gaping crowd while you were tried for your life. You are the woman accused of poisoning her husband, and only saved from hanging because the damning facts brought against you were not proved; and you have allowed me to make you my wife, to give you my honored name. You allowed me, knowing yourself who and what you were, to present you as the noblest lady in the land, to my friends! Why have you done this?"

"Because I loved you," she answered again—"I loved you!"

"A strange, shameless love," he said. There was no anger, no passion, no reproach; he was calm, but it was the calm of despair. "You should have told me the truth when I asked you to marry me," he said.

"I should have done it—only Heaven knows the terrible struggle in my heart; but I had never been happy and I longed for happiness and love. I loved you so, Leo! and I knew that if I told you, you would not marry me."

"No, indeed, I would rather have killed you and myself too. The Ardens do not take dishonored women for wives."

"I wanted so much to be happy," she

said, "just to know what happiness meant; and, Leo, as Heaven hears me speak, I did not see why I should suffer all my life because the world had made a mistake. When love and happiness were held out to me, why should I not take them? Why should I have passed them by? I had done no wrong!"

"Hush!" he said sternly.

"I did not—oh, Leo, you can not think, you who have loved me—you can not think I did that terrible deed? You can not be so unjust—so cruel!"

"Do you remember," he asked, "a conversation, that, strange to say, we had once on this very subject. Great Heaven! how little I dreamed that I was speaking of you."

"I remember it," she said, despairingly.

"Why did you not tell me even then?" he asked.

"For the same reason, I loved you so dearly, and I feared to lose you."

"I did not think it possible," he said, "for a woman with so fair a face, so sweet a grace, to carry fraud and deceit so far."

"Oh, Leo, be more pitiful to me!" she cried.

"I could not; my whole heart revolts against you. You remember our conversation?"

"Yes," she answered, with a bitter sob.

"Do you remember that I told you I had read every word of the case, and that the conclusion I arrived at was, that Hester Blair was guilty?"

"You told me so," she sobbed.

"I am of the same opinion still," he continued, "and nothing will ever change it."

She raised her white arms with a solemn gesture.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "is there no justice for me in Heaven or on earth? No justice—no pity? Send fire from Heaven to prove that I never did that deed."

"The deed committed, suspected, but not proven," he said.

She went up to him and looked, with beautiful, eager eyes into his face.

"Leo! Leo!" she cried; "oh, listen to me! My love, my husband! listen and believe! I swear to you—I call Heaven to witness the truth of my words—I swear to you that I had no hand or part in the death of Angus Graham Blair. I did not love him. I did not like him; I was a most unhappy woman; but I swear most solemnly I knew nothing whatever of the poison by which he died. I know no more than yourself who did it, or why it was done. Do you believe me, Leo?"

"No," he replied; "I formed my judgment; your words will not alter it. I do not believe you! I believe that Hester Blair poisoned her husband, and, because I believe that, we part forever to-night."

She drew back with a wail of pain that startled him.

"Part! Oh, Leo do not send me from you; kill me, if you will, but do not torture me."

"I do not deal in murder," he said coolly.

"Leo," she cried, "if you did not believe that I had murdered him, would you forgive me the rest? Would you forgive me that I had concealed my past from you; that I had abused your noble confidence and trust in me, if you did not think I had been guilty of the greater crime?"

He was silent for a few minutes, then he said, slowly:

"Yes, I think I love you enough for that. I might forgive the deceit and the concealment—the fraud, to call your wrong-doing by its right name—but I could never forgive the crime."

"It was not mine!" she cried. "Oh, Leo, believe me; it was not mine. There is no justice, no mercy, no pity. Why will you not take my word—my oath? Think what I must suffer, and I am innocent! Take that one thought into your mind, Leo, that I am innocent! Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "what have I done to deserve this terrible fate? Why is my life cursed by the shadow of a crime that I never committed? Leo," she cried, frantically, "believe me!"

"I can not," he replied. "It is useless! You only distress me, and yourself—all is at an end between us. I married—Heaven help me!—Alice Kent, whom I believed to be a simple, noble girl, I did not, and never would marry Hester Blair."

"You can not mean it, Leo! It would be too cruel! Oh, my darling, you could not do it. Ask yourself why I should suffer so terribly. What have I done that I should suffer so terribly? What have I done that my life should be so cruelly accursed? You should rather be sorry for me, and pity me. I wonder at times, and ask myself, 'What have I done that I should suffer in this fashion?'"

"I am sorry for you," he said. "I will not speak to you of my pain—it is greater even than yours. I compassionate you. You have before you long years, in which you can repent and seek forgiveness."

"Then you still believe that I did it?" she said; "my vow—my word—is nothing to you?"

"I believe you did it! You were a young—perhaps illtrained—girl, Hester. You rebelled hotly against your fate. Your husband died accusing you!"

She turned from him with an exceeding bitter cry.

"It is useless," he said, "to say more. You shall want for nothing that the world can give you; but love of mine, faith of mine, trust of mine, never more!"

She flung herself on her knees before him; she stretched out her hands to him in wild appeal.

"Hear me!" she cried. "Oh! hear me, Leo, before you send me away! Let me tell you the story of my life!" With bitter tears, with heart wrung sobs and sighs, she told her history from the time when, as little Hester Carrol, she had roamed the hill-sides, until the hour in which she had done hard battles with her conscience ere she married him. Then she looked up at him with weeping eyes, "And now," she said—"now—"

"I have not changed my opinion," he said. "It is a sad story—a piteous story; but all the same I believe you guilty. I believe it on the evidence I read, little dreaming how that evidence would one day affect me. If you could give any explanation, if you could show me how it was possible for any one except yourself to have committed the crime, it would be different."

"Oh, Leo, Leo, I am innocent!" she cried, despairingly—"believe me! My cries will haunt you until you die! You are sending me from you and I have done no wrong!" She would have clung to his knees, but he drew further from her. "Let me kiss you once," she said; "let me say good bye to you?"

"No," he answered slowly; "I shall kiss your face no more, Hester—no more. I pray Heaven to keep you, to guard you, to give you the grace to repent."

"You are cruel!" she cried—"bitterly cruel!"

"You have been still more cruel to me!" he said. "If ever you could come to me with the proof of your innocence in your hands," he said, slowly, "I could forgive you. I can forgive much, but not that—not deliberate, wilful, horrible murder. Leaving you, I commend you to the care of Heaven. Good-bye, my lost wife, for ever-more."

She raised her arms with a bitter cry. She would have sprung to the door, but all at once her strength failed her, and when Lord Arden turned for one last look at the woman he had worshipped with the whole force of his noble heart, she lay, her royal robes crushed, prone on the ground.

The wind on the terrace at Arden Towers had never sounded so terribly as it did that night when Lady Arden met her doom.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CHANT OF THE "MISERERE."

THE last faint notes had died away; they had floated sweet and sad through the long aisles of the church; and now the light of the tapers had vanished; the last echo of the "Miserere" had faded, one by one the black-robed sisters were leaving their places in the choir. One remained—one who was beautiful as a picture, with a lovely steadfast face, and eyes that were fixed on the white marble cross just before her.

Such a face, looking at it was like reading a doom, or listening to a lovely strain of music. It was like like no other face in the world. It held a story, but what that story was no human eye could read. It was beautiful, with a grand, noble gravity. It was serene with hard-won peace. It was superb in its high and lofty resolve—in its absolute purity and spiritual expression. A painter would have eagerly seized it and placed rays of light around it, then called it a Madonna.

The eyes of those who saw it daily rested on it with wonder.

After a storm—peace. After a tempest—rest. After a long strife—the crown. The peace which made that queenly face so beautiful was not won lightly. The eyes, that were blue and bright, were fixed on the marble cross. Some one in the dim, fragrant church was saying night prayers for the children, and to the silent, black-veiled figure came these words:

"The sins of my youth and my ignorance forgive me, oh Lord."

She remembered for long afterward this evening on which the "Miserere" was sung. When the children's prayers were finished, when the sisters had left the church, and had gathered together for their one hour of recreation, a loud peal was heard at the convent bell. The sister who was portress answered it, and brought the mother superioress, who was surrounded by her sisters.

The message was an urgent one: "Could another sister be sent to-night from the convent? A fatal accident case had just been brought to the hospital, and there was no one to attend to it. The gentleman who was injured was hardly expected to live until morning.

The superioress looked round on the faces of the sisters; some looked tired and pale; some had been up all the night before. She hesitated one-half minute as to which of these she should select. Then the beautiful face, which, which still bore the stain of tears, was raised to hers.

"May I go?" she asked, gently. "I should be very pleased."

The superioress looked at her with a thoughtful smile.

"You were up late last night in the children's ward, Sister Teresa," she replied, hesitatingly.

"But I am not tired," she said, "and so many of the other sisters were up, too. Nothing tires me," she added, and the light on her beautiful face grew deeper and brighter, "I am so strong," she said, in the sweet, half mournful voice habitual to her.

"You may go," replied the mother superioress, "but it must be the last time you sit up this week."

Sister Teresa smiled. It was not a pleasant night, and the wind sighed mournfully round the convent walls. The hospital was not very far, but the road was rough.

"A wet night," said the portress, as Sister Teresa, with the messenger from the hospital, passed up the street.

A wet night; but what did that matter? No other sound would ever be so terrible to Sister Teresa as that of the wind blowing, while the trees stood still, on the terrace at Arden Towers.

When they reached the hospital, a great, gray building on the top of the hill, the gates were open, and a porter stood there with the light.

"A nasty night, sister," he said, as the tall, stately figure passed in at the entrance. Sister Teresa went through the great hall, and opened a door that led to the right. There sat the sister in charge, Sister Miriam, a kindly, active lady, who was born to rule and manage and who was never so happy as when she had plenty to do.

She looked with a smile of relief when Sister Teresa came.

"I am glad that it is you," she said, gently; "I was afraid it would be Sister Benedicta, and she could not manage such a case as we have to-night."

"Is it a very bad one?"

"Yes, very bad; the poor gentleman has not long to live; the doctors are with him now. You will have a long watch, Sister Teresa."

"I am sorry," she said, and then Sister Miriam went on with her work while Sister Teresa sat looking thoughtfully at the fire.

Suddenly she raised her head.

"I had almost forgotten to ask," she said, "what is the matter; is it an accident?"

"Yes, and a bad one; he was riding and the horse took fright, ran away with him and dashed him to the ground. His head is not injured, but his spine is broken."

"Then there is no hope for him?" said Lady Teresa.

"Not the slightest," Sister Miriam replied.

Silence fell between them again. Sister Teresa gazed dreamily at the fire, the sound of the wind brought back most forcibly to her the night on which she had first reached Arden Towers. She had been told of the legend afterward.

Musing and thinking, all unconscious that any great event was to happen. While the fire-light plays over her beautiful face and her black dress, while the wind wails over the strong, gray walls, while she waits for the summons to the sick man's room, we have something to tell of the woman who was once known as "Hester Blair."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG-LIVED COMPOSERS.—Composers as a rule have been remarkably healthy and long-lived. Handel was 74 years of age when he died; Lalande was 76; Bach was 65 years, Scarlatti was 66; Haydn was 77; Palestrina, 70; Spohr, 75; Marcello, 53; Gluck, 73; Paisiello, 75; Rossini, 78; Piccini, 72; Cherubini, 82; Beethoven, 57; Meyerbeer, 70; Auber, at the advanced age of 88, still composed and in the enjoyment of almost robust health; Verdi will be 81 years on October 10; Charles Gounod, who recently died at a ripe old age, was in robust health, with all the energy of a young man of 25, to within a short time of his demise: and also C. Saint Saens and many other artist-composers one could mention as enjoying vigorous health and ripe years. On the other hand one must chronicle several deeply lamented masters who died in the glory of their young manhood. Mozart died at the early age of 25, a short, sad life, full of the rarest promise; Mendelssohn died when only 38; Purcell died when but in his 37th year; Pergolesi was only 26; Bellini, 33; Chopin 39 and Schubert, only 31.

SHOWING GRIEF.

"Yes," said the chaplain, "one cannot bury some thousands of people every year without having some strange experiences. I suppose that I bury on the average twelve persons every week who are absolutely unknown and nameless, with not a friend to follow them to the grave. Presumably, they have died from natural causes."

"Where do they come from? the writer asked.

"From various places. It has always appeared to me in strange contrast that whilst adults are often interred without a single mourner being present, children—little babies, who have lived in the world not long enough to make friends—are invariably committed to the earth in the presence of crowds of relatives, uncles and aunts, and friends of the family, who all make a point of bringing their own children to the cemetery to witness the scene. They make an outing of it, in fact, and the money which they spend I am afraid comes from the insurance companies; although I do not suggest that the parents insure their children's lives in order to realise the policy with this object.

"It is curious, too, that friends of paupers buried out of town will often select to turn the two railway tickets which are allowed to them into cash rather than come to the cemetery. On the other hand, the Irish are so noisy that special days in the week are, if possible, reserved to them. A woman has come to me, saying—

"'Now, if we will be quiet, will you let us have a wake?'

"It does not seem to matter much to them that a clergyman of the Established Church reads the Burial Service, and not a Roman Catholic priest. Sometimes I have hardly left the grave before a bottle half full of whiskey has been dashed by the wakers upon the coffin."

"What is your estimate, then, of human grief?"

"That the more emotional it is, the less sincere it afterwards appears to be. A lady was very fastidious in the selection of a site—she was willing to pay any price for it—only she stipulated it must be the very best on the ground. A committee sat, and chose the site for her. She paid a large sum for it, and erected a handsome tomb. She has never been to the cemetery since."

The anecdote reminded the writer of the peculiarities of some of the people who cremate their relations. Nothing will satisfy them but that the term "ashes" is a misnomer, for the remains of a cremated body are calcined bones—shall be placed in a magnificent urn and set in their drawing-rooms.

One lady had her urn enclosed in a traveling-case disguised as a dressing-bag. It has frequently happened that people have tired of the treasured ashes, and in less than a twelvemonth have directed an undertaker to bury them in the cheapest grave procurable.

"A pound plot will do," they say.

"Excuse the delicacy of the question, but do you find that persons who have suddenly and unexpectedly acquired wealth as legatees develop any desire to be liberal in fees? In one word, does the man who comes into money by the death of a relative manifest the same tendency to tip the clergyman as most men do when they marry—sometimes to the extent, as I am told, of one hundred pounds?"

The chaplain smiled, and answered—

"The cases are different, and I think you will find that people when they come to cemeteries give no tips, although they may put the officials to no end of trouble. It is otherwise in churchyards. By the way, I recollect holding a choral service in my parish at the funeral of a resident, and one of the congregation—a fine strong man—remarked to his wife that he would like just such another service at his burial. In less than a fortnight she came to me, and asked me to make the necessary arrangements, for her husband was dead."

COL. ROBERT H. CROCKETT, of Arkansas County, grandson of the noted Davy Crockett, whose motto was, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," is preparing a lecture on "Davy Crockett; The Fall of the Alamo."

WHEN.

AT W. W. L.

When the mocking is singing from his leafy perch on high,
And the violets lift their blue eyes up to bluer sky;
When the plover in the marshes answers back the robin's song,
Where the roses bloom in fragrance in the days so bright and long;
When the green leave dance a minuet at the passing of the breeze,
And the sunlight fills in beauty on the blue-waved tropic seas;
When the cricket chirps in gladness from the cool green grass,
And the lily woos the zephyr as he flutters softly past;
O'er the meadow, by the streamlet, through the woodland, in the glen,
Down the golden way of summer, darling, we will ramble then.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER L.

M. D'AUBRON AT BAY.

I ENTERED the grounds of M. de Feurget's villa by a small private gate which had been left, by some chance, unopened. The greater part of the house seemed wrapped in darkness, but the light was streaming out from the room on the ground-floor which M. de Feurget had shown me as his library, and the French windows were standing half open.

To act the spy seems a mean part, but the end which I had in view was of sufficient magnitude to obscure all such considerations. I could have given no real reason why I connected M. de Feurget in my mind with that end, but somehow his mysterious manner and mode of questioning me had filled me with vague suspicion.

I crossed the lawn softly and took up a position behind a shrub, from which I could see into the room. There were four men there—M. de Feurget himself, Mr. Carlyon and his tutor, Mr. Brown—seated round a table; but just as I arrived they all rose, leaving several packs of cards scattered carelessly about all over it. To judge from their faces something had happened.

There was the young English gentleman, Mr. Carlyon, sitting apart with his hands in his pockets, and a very ill-assumed look of indifference on his white face. There was the older gentleman making no effort at all to conceal his dismay, M. d'Aubron leisurely smoking a cigarette and looking quite cool, but a little exultant; and, lastly, there was M. de Feurget sitting by himself a little apart, with a curious look upon his face which I could not quite understand. He was the first to break a silence which seemed as though it had been a somewhat prolonged one, and by his manner I guessed that something was going to happen.

I saw M. de Feurget throw away a cigarette and advance to the table.

"Any one interested in card tricks?" he asked quietly.

"D—n card tricks!" muttered young Mr. Carlyon savagely. "I beg you pardon, M. de Feurget," he added, looking a little ashamed of himself. "I didn't mean to be rude; but it was rather an unfortunate question, wasn't it?"

No one else had taken any notice of the question. M. de Feurget nodded sympathetically to Mr. Carlyon, and then drawing his chair close to the table, he leaned over it and collected a pack of cards in his hands. M. d'Aubron looked at him curiously, and I thought seemed a little disturbed.

"Gentlemen," he said suddenly, in an altered tone—so altered, indeed, that every one looked at him immediately—"will you kindly give me your attention for a minute or two?"

Every one's eyes were riveted upon him. M. d'Aubron, who was sitting just opposite, seemed to me to turn a shade paler, and the long, white fingers which held his cigarette were certainly shaking.

"We have all been heavy losers to-night, I believe, except M. d'Aubron," he continued. "That is so, is it not?"

There was a vigorous assent from Mr. Brown, and a slight, weary nod from Mr. Carlyon. M. d'Aubron shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"La fortune de la guerre," he remarked, with an attempt at levity in his tone. "Your turn to-day—mine to-morrow."

"I think not," M. de Feurget replied quietly.

M. d'Aubron looked up quickly, and turned a frowing face toward his host.

"I do not quite understand that remark, monsieur," he said haughtily.

M. de Feurget shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"No? I will endeavor to explain it, then. One might play with you, M. d'Aubron, for a very considerable time—with these cards—and the fortune of war, as you call it, would not change."

M. d'Aubron maintained his composure admirably, but he was very pale. Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon had drawn a little nearer to the table and were listening with baited breaths.

"At the risk of your finding me very dull, monsieur, I must still confess that I fail to understand you," M. d'Aubron declared in a clear, unshaken tone.

"I will be still more explicit, then," was the calm reply. "It is necessary! You hold, I believe, Mr. Carlyon's I. O. U.s for forty-eight thousand francs and Mr. Brown's for nearly six thousand."

"I do not remember the amounts; but if I do, what of it? How does it concern you?"

"You also claim to have won from me to-night," M. de Feurget continued, disregarding the interruption, "about four thousand francs, of which I have given you a memorandum. I have to request you to tear those documents up at once."

An electric start of surprise ran through the little circle. M. d'Aubron rose from his chair livid with rage.

"M. de Feurget," he exclaimed in a low tone, shaking with passion, "if this is a joke on your part you are carrying it a little too far, let me tell you. What the deuce do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing. I mean to insinuate nothing," was the quiet reply. "I prefer a plainer mode of making myself understood both by you and your victims. These cards which I hold in my hand, brought here so kindly by you in case I might be ill-provided, are marked cards, every one of them! You are a swindler, and you know it!"

An awful spasm passed across M. d'Aubron's face, and the coldness of demeanor which he had hitherto preserved left him suddenly.

"It's a d—d lie!" he cried in a low, choking tone. "It's a conspiracy between you three to get out of paying your debts. Give me the cards."

He stretched out his hand, but M. de Feurget shook his head and passed them quickly behind his back to Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "be so good as to examine the pattern on the back of these cards on the top righthand corner."

Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon both bent eagerly over them.

"They are most certainly marked," the former declared, his voice shaking with excitement. "The suit and quality of the card are reproduced in miniature among the pattern. The idea is ingenious, but most palpable."

"And if they are, how dare you suppose that I know anything about it?" M. d'Aubron exclaimed, making great efforts to assume a dignified position. "The cards have been changed—very likely by one of you," he added insolently.

M. de Feurget rose from his chair quite calm, and pointed to the door.

"In the face of your winnings, M. d'Aubron, and—forgive me—your past reputation, any doubt as to your guilt is quite out of the question. You will oblige me by leaving this house and the neighborhood at once. In fact, if you remain in the vicinity another twenty-four hours, to-night's event shall be published in the Casino. Go!"

"I deny what you impute to me altogether, and I stand upon my rights as a nobleman and a gentleman!" M. d'Aubron declared in a low, passionate tone. "Your accusation is an insult, and I demand satisfaction for it!"

"You shall have the satisfaction of being kicked out of this house by my servants if you do not take yourself off at once!" was the quiet reply.

Quick as lightning M. d'Aubron leaned across the table and struck his accuser across the mouth. M. de Feurget, wholly unprepared for the blow, reeled back and nearly fell. But M. d'Aubron's triumph was a short one. He had scarcely recovered his position when Mr. Carlyon, who had leaped up immediately he had seen the threatened blow, quietly knocked him down with a thorough British left-hander.

He rose to his feet slowly and wiped the blood from his mouth.

"Mr. Carlyon, you at least shall answer to me for this," he said.

"When you please," was the fierce reply. "You're a d—d scoundrel, D'Aubron, and a coward, too, to strike a blow like that; but I'll fight you."

M. de Feurget turned suddenly round. "I have changed my mind," he said quickly. "M. d'Aubron, I claim the prior right."

M. de Feurget came slowly to the window and looked out.

"I agree with you, M. d'Aubron," he said. "The sooner the better. What do you say to now? The light is only indifferent, it is true, but the disadvantage will be mutual. I can find a quiet spot and provide weapons. Mr. Brown will not object to be your second, I dare say, under the circumstances."

"The present time will suit me admirably," M. d'Aubron answered eagerly. "Will Mr. Brown do me the favor?"

Mr. Brown rose with a dignity for which one could never have given him credit. I looked at him in surprise, scarcely recognizing him.

"I most emphatically decline to be associated with M. d'Aubron in any manner whatever," he answered coldly. "Apart from that, I will be no party in anything so antagonistic to my principles as a duel; and, further, even were I a fighting man I would decline having to do in so preposterous an affair as a duel between a gentleman—a man of honor—and a swindler."

There was a momentary silence. M. d'Aubron seemed for a moment to be on the point of striking the speaker. With a great effort, however, he restrained himself, and turned away, shaking with passion.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "I have a friend in St. Marien whom a summons from me would bring here at once. If one of M. de Feurget's servants could take a note from me?"

M. de Feurget bowed.

He addressed the note, and it was despatched.

"In the absence of a second, M. de Feurget," he said, "may I waive the ceremony, and inquire from you what weapons you choose?"

"I am indifferent, but I prefer swords," M. de Feurget declared.

I saw an evil smile light up M. d'Aubron's face as he turned away. Then they all came out together on to the lawn, close to where I stood, so that I held my breath for fear of being discovered, though indeed my hiding-place was secure enough.

"It will be dawn in an hour," M. de Feurget remarked, looking steadily toward the east. "Perhaps it is as well that we have to wait. What do you say, gentlemen, to some coffee? and in the meantime I will ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. I have a letter to write."

There were silent murmurs of assent, and the four men stepped back again into the library.

CHAPTER LI.

THE BEGINNING TO THE END: RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

NOT for the first time in the world's history it seemed as though one of the fairest spots on earth had been chosen for a scene of blood. Close to the edge of the cliff, and separated from the villa by a thick plantation of pine trees, was a smooth plateau of springy, green turf, shut off on one side by the sea, and only accessible from the grounds by a winding path through the plantation. The freshest of morning breezes was bending the dark tops of the slim, graceful pine trees. It was the most exhilarating period of the whole day. Night had passed away, but morning had barely come.

Standing on the very edge of the cliff, bareheaded, with his white hair flowing in the breeze, stood M. de Feurget. He was in his shirt and trousers only, and he was leaning slightly on a long, bare sword. He looked very unlike a man about to fight for his life; more, indeed, as though he had just come unsathed and triumphant through some fierce ordeal.

Some slight noise which I made in changing my position attracted his notice, and he turned round and saw me."

"Neilson!" he cried. "You here! Has your master returned?" he added eagerly.

I shook my head. "I have but lately come from the hotel, sir," I said "Nothing has been heard of him."

"Ah!" He turned away from me, and a shade of disappointment passed over his face. I felt that I must speak, if only to arrest the current of his thoughts.

"It's a beautiful sunrise, sir," I remarked, scarcely knowing what I said.

"Ay, Neilson, it is," he answered. "A beautiful sunrise. I shall see it not from another world, please God," he added softly.

"You are going to fight a duel, sir?"

"I am. A duel to the death," he said, smiling. "Fetch my coat here, Neilson," he went on. "That's right. Feel in that pocket and take out a letter."

I did so. It was addressed to my master.

"Neilson, when I am dead, as I shall be when the sun comes up from behind those clouds, I lay a charge upon you—a solemn charge. You must find your master—I care not where he is—you must find him, and give him that letter. Do you promise?"

"I promise," I answered. "But——"

"Nay, no buts," he interrupted. "You would have me take courage, but let me tell you this Neilson—no bridegroom on the eve of his marriage ever longed for the morrow as I long for death. I have lived in the knowledge of such guilt as the most hardened criminal on earth might have shrunk from confessing. My existence has been a lie and a living death. D'Aubron's sword will end it, and I shall escape at last."

There was a click of the little wicket gate leading from the plantation, and Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Brown appeared, followed at a little distance by M. d'Aubron and a stranger. Just as they reached us M. d'Aubron touched Mr. Carlyon on the shoulder.

"Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Vachey—Mr. Vachey, Mr. Carlyon."

The slightest of recognitions passed between the two men.

The two seconds withdrew to a little distance, where their conversation did not reach me. But it was very brief, and distinguished on Mr. Carlyon's side by the most icy politeness. In a very few minutes the preliminaries were over, and the two men were standing face to face on guard. Then the signal was given. For about a quarter of an hour it seemed to me that M. de Feurget had all the advantage. Then he seemed suddenly to tire and to fence vigorously and scarcely to attempt a single repass. M. d'Aubron grew less cautious, and very nearly paid the penalty with his life. As it was he was slightly wounded by a deadly thrust in tierce which he only half parried, and was compelled to rest for a moment.

When they recommenced, M. de Feurget appeared for the first time to put forth all his powers. A dozen times he held his opponent's life in his hands by the success of some brilliant feint which M. d'Aubron utterly failed to parry, but on each occasion he lowered his sword without doing any serious mischief.

The end seemed to all of us assured, and I began to think of his prophecy with a smile. Suddenly there came an interruption. The intense, almost breathless, stillness was broken by the sound of quick, hurrying footsteps through the plantation, and we all turned to look. With his hand upon the gate stood my master, pale and travel-stained, and by his side was a tall, white-haired woman, of stately carriage, and dressed in the long, plain robe of a Sister of Mercy.

I looked at her for a moment, and then a great cry burst from my lips. Was I dreaming, or had this woman risen up from the dead? Surely this was Cecile d'Angerville. She whom my master had loved and married. She on whose fair, white arm he had clasped the bracelet. She whose hideous fate was ever before me, the victim of that murder which it was sure madness for me to think upon.

An awful cry rang out to the morning sky, and I saw her throw up her arms in horror. I followed her rapt gaze and I saw at once what had happened. Lying on the ground, supported in Mr. Carlyon's arms, was M. de Feurget, with his adversary's rapier through his lungs.

CHAPTER LII.

THE DUEL ON THE CLIFFS.

I SAW M. d'Aubron withdrawn his quivering sword from his opponent's body and wipe it with devilish coolness upon the grass. I saw the wounded man's eyes fixed with a glazed, horrible intensity upon the tall, black-robed woman—ghost I thought her then—at the wicket gate. And, finally, I saw her move swiftly forward over the smooth surface turf, and, bending over him, gaze anxiously into his convulsed face.

She would have taken his hand, but he dragged it away from her with a low, moaning cry. Most fearful to witness was the frantic horror with which he shrank back from the pale, pitying face so close to his.

"Marie!" he cried. "Oh, my God, spare

me this! I am dying, I tell you! Oh, let me be! Away! Away!"

He held out his hands feebly, as though to shut out the sight of her. With a look of wonder in her calm face, she sank on her knees by his side and whispered softly to him—yet not so softly but that my quickened hearing caught the sound of her clear tone.

"Victor! Victor! Don't you know me? It is not Marie! It is I, her sister, Cecile."

He looked at her half doubtfully, but in a moment or two he was convinced.

"I thought that you were dead," he whispered.

"Dead to the world, Victor! Dead to all former ties. Yet, as you see, in the flesh, alive. I have come from a seclusion which I had hoped never to have left to undertake a mournful task."

A great relief crept slowly into his face. He drew a long breath and tried to raise himself a little. I approached and, kneeling down, supported him in my arms.

"Heaven has sent you both here," he said in a firmer tone. "I am thankful! Stand here by my side and listen. I am crossing the threshold of death, and I have an awful confession to make."

"I have come to hear it, Victor," she answered. "All is blank mystery to us now. You must clear it up.

"God give me strength!" he prayed. Then he glanced around, but it was needless. The others had left us, and we four were alone.

"My time is short," he went on, speaking with difficulty in a hoarse, broken undertone. "Listen, all of you. Ay, come close to me—as close as you will. You will shrink far enough away presently. The people round here, what is it they call me? Pious, good, benevolent! Ah, the hypocrisy of it. Listen; I am the blackest sinner upon God's earth!

"Cecile, you know how I loved your sister. It was the one great overmastering passion of my life. For her sake I gave up my dreams of the Church. To win her love I renounced with a single regret the calling which before had seemed to me the only means of attaining to earthly happiness. I became her blind slave, a hanger-on, a parasite at her father's house, a sharer, although an unwilling one, in pastimes and scenes which before I had looked upon only with scorn. And with what did she repay me? With her love? Alas, no! She married me, it is true, but it was a sorry compact. In less than a week my happiness was blasted forever. To you, Cecile, her sister, I say nothing of the early days of our wedded life. I will only say that we were not happy, and before what we called our honeymoon was over I had discovered her secret. She never loved me. Worse than that, she loved some one else. She loved your father, Lord Alceston—she had always loved him—and she was a woman who knew how to love. She had married me merely because she was homeless and I was rich. I was a cipher only in her eyes—rather hateful to her than otherwise. At the end of the year she told me that she could live with me no longer, and we separated.

"It broke my heart; but I crept into solitude, and hid my grief from the world. I sent Marie, our daughter, to a convent school, and I lived here alone, fighting with my trouble and seeking to ease it by lightening the sorrows of others. Year after year passed away, and premature middle age stole upon me before my time. My heavy burden of grief grew no less—still I endured. At regular intervals I heard of your sister, Cecile. Think of me as meanly as you like, Cecile; I had her watched by private agents, and so keenly that her slightest action I knew of. By accident, one day she discovered it, and from that time she refused to touch one penny of my money. She kept her word, and from that time she supported herself.

"Even then I continued to help her, although indirectly, and unknown to her, and I continued also to have her watched, for I could not bear the thought that she might have to struggle against sickness or want. I heard of her visit to you, Cecile, and when she returned to Paris, alas! that visit had suggested a fatal idea to her. She heard from you that the Earl of Alceston believed you dead and had married again. Then she planned a wicked thing, for which, God knows, she paid an awful penalty.

"I knew—I always knew, alas!—that Marie had loved your father, Lord Alceston. When he preferred you, Cecile, that love changed into another feeling. How far Lord Alceston was to blame, I cannot tell. But Marie must have believed herself injured, or she would never have nursed her feelings through so many years and then concentrated them in an ill-fated scheme for revenge. She had a bracelet made likes yours, Cecile. She took humble lodgings in London, and one night she sent him a note telling him that his wife, Cecile, lived, and bidding him go to her at once. I knew this, for I had followed her to London with the one hope of saving her honor and myself from shame. I had taken my daughter with me in the last despairing hope that the sight of her child, whom she had never seen since babyhood, might soften her. Alas! Alas! Alas!"

Suddenly there was a rush of blood from his mouth and he fell back ghastly pale, with the agony of death written in his pallid features and luminous eyes. Almost at the same moment the wicket gate opened and a doctor and the village priest in his long robes appeared. The former hurried up, and, dropping on his knee, made a hasty examination, but he shook his head almost immediately.

"Hemorrhage has set in," he pronounced. "M. de Feurget, I can do nothing for you. Alas! you have but a few minutes to live!"

He stood back, and the village priest took his place. A breath of fresh morning air swept softly across the little plateau. It seemed to revive him. The stream of blood had ceased, and he motioned to us to raise him a little.

"God give me strength to finish," he prayed. "Father, stand by my side. You have heard my confession; you have seen my agony! You know all. Come nearer, Lord Alceston. I can only whisper.

"It was at night I went to see her. For two days I had lingered about the door, lacking the courage to go in and plead with her. I went with pity and love in my heart. I went to make one last appeal; to tell her of our child, and to save her from shame. My old love, which had lived always with me, was still as strong as ever. I would have done anything in the world she had asked. I only wanted her back again, cruelly though she had used me.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he moaned. "It was a cruel thing to send me there that one night of all others and at that hour. I met him—your father, Lord Alceston—coming from the house. How I kept my hands from him then I cannot tell. But I did. I let him pass without word or sign. I went to her. It was cruel how she received me. She never wished to look upon my face again, she said. She hated me. She hated our child. She would not hear me speak. She bade me go. In less than five minutes I left the house a raving madman. I followed Lord Alceston home. I saw him enter the house by a private door, and in his haste he left the key outside. I took it, and in a few minutes I followed him softly.

"I was in a great, dimly-lit room lined with books—his library; but it was empty. I walked restlessly up and down, waiting for him; but he did not come. In an evil moment my attention was attracted by a long row of curious, gleaming daggers in a dark oak cabinet. From the moment my eyes fell upon the bright steel I became a devil. I felt the desire to kill spring up within me. From that moment I was a murderer."

A low moan seemed to creep from Lord Alceston's lips, and I saw the woman by his side shudder with a horror too deep for expression. But neither interrupted him by any articulate word.

"If ever man in the world was mad I was mad then. I listened. From another part of the house I could hear the strains of music and the sound of many voices. But there was no one near—no one at hand to disturb me.

"I took one of the daggers—the one with the bluest steel and the sharpest point I could find. Then I let myself out of the room by the private door and carefully pocketed the key. I rushed away. I brought a disguise at a low rag-shop on the way. The cunning of the devil seemed to come to me. I got an empty room next to hers, and when the house was silent I stole in to her. I killed her, with her beautiful face flashing its hatred at me—with the mocking, scornful words still upon her lips! Then I hurried from the house back to Grosvenor Square. The thirst for blood was upon me. A maniacal fury seemed to burn in my veins. I stole again into the dimly-lit library. Still it was empty. But I waited.

"Toward morning he came. I heard his slow footsteps outside, and I hid myself. I watched him sit down at his desk, and I planned to myself how I would kill him. I meant to strangle him; but as I crept out from my hiding-place I made some slight noise. He started and looked round. I just managed to escape observation, and while he was ringing for his servant, I slipped behind the screen and out into the passage.

"Through the keyhole I watched you, Neilson, arrive. I saw you search the room. I heard Lord Alceston decide that it must have been his fancy. He settled down to write again, and soon with added caution I stole into the room. I drew another dagger from the case, and, God help me, I killed him!

"I rushed out into the street, with his death-cry ringing in my ears. At the first breath of cold air sanity began to return. The instinct of self-preservation came upon me, and I turned and fled. I went to Dover and came back again, half-determined to give myself up. Then my senses slowly returned and I knew what I had done! I thought of my daughter, and for her sake I held my peace. Still I was reckless. On the pretence of identifying her I looked once more into my wife's face, and unknown, unrecognized, I followed her to the grave. Then we came back here, and my tortures commenced. Day by day I lived in a very hell of remorse and agony. Another man was suspected! If he should be arrested I must give myself up. Marie would know all—would know that her father was a murderer! Such a murderer! The anguish I have suffered no words of mine could depict. Hell can offer no greater torment than earth has punished me with. And now she will know! Marie will know! She will hate her father! She will loathe his memory forever! Oh, Death, come to me quickly, or I shall die a raving madman!"

It was an awful moment—an awful sight to look upon. A dying man fighting for his last breath with such words upon his lips! Strong though he was, my master was shaking in every limb with emotion, and the black-robed woman who stood by his side had turned away with her face hidden in her hands, as though the sight were too terrible for her. The priest, with trembling fingers, drew out a cross from his robe and held it before the eyes of the dying man, but he pushed him almost roughly away.

"Lord Alceston!" he cried.

There was no answer. I saw my master shrink away, compassion struggling in vain with horror in his white face.

"Lord Alceston, come nearer. In a few minutes I shall stand before another Judge to answer for my crime. I do not ask forgiveness. But Marie! She will know all! She will curse my memory! I shall have robbed her of you, the man she loved! Ah!"

We followed his outstretched trembling fingers. At the gate, loosely clad in a plain white dressing-gown, with her long hair streaming in the breeze, stood Marie. She was gazing at us as though petrified with horror, clinging with one arm to a slender pine tree for support, and with the other pressed against her forehead.

"My father! My father!" she cried, the words at last bursting from her frozen lips. "What is the matter? What has happened? Is he ill? Can none of you tell me?"

She looked toward us each in turn. None of us could speak. With trembling fingers she strove to open the postern. The dying man shivered all over and covered his face with his hands.

I glanced toward my master. His face was deadly pale, and his lips were moving as though in prayer. Suddenly he stooped down.

"Look up," he whispered, "and bid your daughter farewell. She shall think of you always as she does now. As her husband I swear it. You alone shall answer for your sins; and may God have mercy upon you!"

Like magic was the effect of the hoarse whispered words. Again the light leaped into the dying man's eyes and peace shone in his softened face. The priest again held the cross before his eyes, and this time he nodded and smiled faintly. One hand Marie grasped and carried to her lips, where the hot, scalding tears fell fast upon it; the other Lord Alceston took and held in his own.

A moment's deep stillness and it was over. As suddenly as it had come the light died out of his fast-dimmed eyes and the smile slowly faded from his lips. But the peace remained.

[THE END.]

M. JULES SIMON has discovered the secret of old age, and he has formulated the recipe in two words—intellectual work. Nothing, he declares, helps so materially to conserve physical strength as mental employment, and in proof of this theory he points out that the French Institute is a perfect congregation of hale and hearty octogenarians.

DON'T IRRITATE YOUR LUNGS with a Stubborn Cough, when a remedy, safe and certain as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be so easily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

Scientific and Useful.

PAINTING.—An oil-painting constantly hung in a dark place loses some of its vividness, and therefore depreciates in value.

BRAKES.—Australia furnishes a novel invention in the shape of glass tubes projecting before railway trains, which, if broken by an obstacle, apply an electric movement to the brakes, bringing the train immediately to a standstill.

TO STOP RUNAWAYS.—A scheme to stop runaways is to have a small electric battery in the vehicle with wires running to the horse's nostrils. When the animal bolts a press of the buttons will stop him instantly. It is said to have never failed.

OLD COINS.—Inscriptions on old coins, which have become illegible, may be deciphered, provided the coins are not reduced more than the original height of the inscription, if the coin is placed on a piece of iron, which latter is to be gradually heated. As the heat discolors the coin, the inscription and other raised parts will be the first to be tinted.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—In the office of the "Pall Mall Magazine" the phonograph has been put to a novel use. An article is read in front of the receiving funnel, and the waxen cylinder is sent to the printer, who sets it in a duplicate machine and puts the tubes in his ears. He then regulates the speed to suit himself, and sets by ear instead of by eye.

PERFECTLY FRESH.—Milk frozen solid in cans is now sold in France. It has been discovered that milk can be kept perfectly fresh in a frozen condition for more than a month. It is frozen by means of an ordinary ice-making machine, and despatched by road, rail, or steamer to its destination. The customer who purchases the frozen milk has simply to thaw it when it is required for use.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—A novel dental operation, that of transplanting teeth into artificial sockets, is said to have been successfully performed. As described, a hole is bored in the bone under the gum, where it is desired that the new tooth shall take root, and in this the tooth is put and fastened with ligatures. The ligatures, in the case of one of the patients, were removed in the presence of the dentists, and the tooth was found to have taken firm root.

Farm and Garden.

LIME.—Always use lime when plowing under green manure, as the effect will be to more quickly decompose the green material, while the lime exerts a mechanical and chemical effect on the soil.

MANURE.—Liquid manure is more valuable than the solids, and is in better condition for crops than the solid portions. It can only be saved by the use of absorbent material. Even dry dirt is better than nothing.

WATERING.—Water the horse before you feed him; the water rapidly leaves the stomach and the gastric juices have full play. Water with the food weakens the digestive fluids. His stomach is small, therefore do not let him get too thirsty and drink too much.

FARM SCIENCE.—The farmer must have some knowledge of the laws governing animal and vegetable life. He must know something of the elements of plant food in the soil; how to utilize, to conserve and to restore these elements to the soil. He must study the science of breeding and feeding stock.

BREEDING.—It will tend to profit in breeding and fattening if farm stock is fed separately using the halter for horses and stanchions for cattle. If this is not practicable, separate into small groups, putting animals of like physical strength and disposition together. Be just as careful to do this with hogs and sheep.

POLES.—Paper telegraph poles are the latest development of the art of making paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. The pulp is cast in a mold, with a core in the centre, forming a hollow rod of the desired length, the crosspieces being held by key-shaped wooden pieces driven in on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by sun, rain, dampness or any of the other causes which shorten the life of a wooden pole.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Traveling and Travelers.

The time has come round when those whose business does not necessitate much traveling have finished their yearly vacations and are settling down at home contented with the early evening glooms and the blackness of the lengthening nights; but, before we plunge into the tunnel of winter, let us gather up a little recollected pleasure by looking back at some of the experiences and humors of the season when we traveled in a deliberate search for enjoyment.

It is one of the recommendations of travel that it yields a good aftermath. It can well afford both anticipation and recollection. The one is dependent on the other, for it is the well-laid scheme of travel that continues to pay a good dividend. Bradshaw, with all his array of trains and steamers, has not driven romance away from travel; it always keeps a keen edge on our hopes. We are aware that there are people who start a holiday by casting themselves adrift, as one might set out to explore the North Sea in a boat, who never know where they are or what they are seeing, and who probably reach home thankfully, with their heads in a whirl, as if they had tramped through ten miles of flimy exhibition; but it is difficult for any one who knows the pleasures of planning a journey and the satisfaction of having a store of knowledge which the journey serves to verify to realize the dream-like vacuity of those who begin their travels without having provided themselves with any pegs of fact on which to hang their later experiences.

In nothing does preparation pay better than in traveling, for it makes the most of time, and enables us to fix permanently many impressions that would otherwise fade or become jumbled. And even the dullest details of getting ready for a journey are delightful. Let nobody speak evil of packing, especially if he has some one to do it for him. It is as pleasant as furnishing a house, and has the added satisfaction of costing little, since we are sorting our own things for use and not somebody else's for purchase.

It is a pretty problem to reconcile the two great luggage principles of a month's traveling—namely, that we shall carry with us everything we need for comfort, and yet shall not have more than two easily-movable portmanteaus. There are the empty trunks, there is the pile of all things needful; and he only succeeds who diminishes the pile to a size that may be swallowed by the open-mouthed store-bags without impairing the absolute completeness of the outfit. Who will deny the pleasure of the contest down to the inevitable rush for the train, which is never wanting however long the preparations may have been afoot?

What is it that makes a railway-station an attractive-place? You say it is not attractive; then we will not argue with you, but will only remark that to most of us it is a free theatre giving good entertainment. Of course we refer to the twenty minutes before the train leaves. At other times the station is a dreary empty shell. We take it that it is the compression of a certain degree of action within fixed limits of time which makes the station so a-tingle with life. In two minutes a good share of the local business and anxieties, embodied in the local travelers, has to be picked up and carried off, and there are ten minutes of waiting for the busy two.

Suspense followed by brisk action cannot fail to have a smack of the dramatic in it, and the people on the platforms are always breathing faster than those who languidly survey them from the car windows. The one set has had time to work up a little feeling, while the other, roused only by the stopping jerk of the train, has not. It is not quite the same thing with steamers getting alongside piers, for in that case the interest is more reciprocal. Unfortunate is the man who has outlived his enjoyment of the brief pulsation of life which sinks towards the normal calm and deadness when the locomotive's whistle is blown or the gangway drawn ashore.

But we are lingering with the accessories of traveling before we take a seat in the train, and there are several problems awaiting us there. The ethics and manners of the home have become well defined by custom, and so it is too with most public assemblies, where there is a common friendly footing; but there is as yet no railway car social code, although it is badly wanted. One wonders whether civilization will ever come to the taciturn traveler who, with a deep-seated determination to appear a person of importance, seats himself stonily in the seat of a railway car behind a barrier of silence, or who marches up and down the deck of a steamer with an air of ownership, glancing now and then patronizingly at the scenery, or who walks glowering through the corridors of hotels in the self-made atmosphere of an iceberg. It is this man's wife who throws the drawing-rooms of hotels under such a malevolent spell, so that women sit there nodding, entranced, and men find release in the smoke-room—the humanest spot in the building. It is this self-glorified traveler who by his paralyzing conceit makes it necessary for the traveler to surround himself for protection's sake with one or two friends with whom he can talk or be silent, commune or quarrel, as may suit his mood.

Another common marpeace is the suspicious man, who eyes every one with the lurking fear that they may have designs upon his pocket or his social status. He does not realize, any more than the "uppish" man realizes, that his attitude is an insult to those who are compelled to be in his neighborhood. Men of this class are not as objectionable certainly as the irrepressible rowdy, for their qualities are arrived at only by inference, whereas the ostentatiously vulgar person slaps everybody in the face with his bad manners.

Traveling brings character to the surface, and one has only to watch for a day or two the shifting companies that come together at places to judge of the proportions in which the moneyed classes are either vulgarly proud or vulgarly coarse, or are quiet, devoid of self-consciousness, "gentlemen unafraid." After a spell of traveling, one is always impressed by the strange contrast of the number of people who are admirable in their bearing and pleasant to know and the number who cannot mix with their fellows as strangers without being offensive through vanity and self-sufficiency.

The lesson that is most clearly forced on any one who wanders at ease among his fellows away from home is the necessity for sincerity. Nearly the whole of the parade and ostentation that are so laughable in some men abroad is a form of falsehood born of the desire to appear what they are not.

The affectations and swelling assumptions that abound are all of the same character. Mr. Barrie's sketch of the man who spent all his savings trying to be a holiday gentleman is but little of an exaggeration. Many of the most swaggering upstarts of the holiday resort spend their last five dollars, and collapse into ordinary citizens when it is gone. No doubt they extract a passing pleasure from their bold performance, but their satisfaction will not compare with that of the contented and modest person who wishes to appear only in natural guise and has no desire to impress the world with sham airs. He has no fear of shrivelling in size and importance as he draws near home; he is able so wholly to forget himself as to sun himself unreservedly in the genial enjoyment which travel brings; for the main object of travel is to teach us to look with interest at the world and away from ourselves.

PEOPLE do not generally recognize the abounding and permanent happiness that it is possible to enjoy from witnessing and sympathizing in that of others. Not that such enjoyment is unknown—far from it. It gladdens the heart of every true father and mother; it is the soul of friendship, the essence of philanthropy, the atmosphere in which real benevolence exists. But it is rarely looked for; it is always incidental; it takes us by surprise if we pause long enough to consider it at all.

VERY much of the wrong-doing of the world arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. Temptations are strong, desires are ardent, inclinations are imperious, and the weak and undisciplined judgment is easily led to concede that there is no great harm in yielding. Gradually this yielding comes to be a habit, and the character is formed, or rather wrecked, by self-indulgence where it might have been saved, elevated and strengthened by more knowledge and a wiser training.

THE every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

THE man who, commencing with little or nothing, has resolved to rise must also resolve to sacrifice nothing to appearance. He cannot gain one true friend or obtain any popularity that will be really useful to him in his efforts to achieve independence by endeavoring to seem to have that which he has not.

IN the long run a great body of men and women is improved less by general outcry against its collective characteristics than by the inculcation of broader views, higher motives and sounder habits of judgment, in such a form as touches each man and woman individually.

BEGIN the day well by rising early. The universal experience of the wisest men of all ages is in favor of the habit of getting up early in the morning. The practice is closely connected with length of life. It is also closely connected with happiness and activity of life.

WE must ourselves ascend if we would lift others, and in this very upward climbing we are taking the first and most essential step in social improvement.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W.—The true laurel-tree is the same as the bay. The name "bay" comes from the French "baie," which in turn comes from the Latin "bacca." In Roman times wreaths of laurel-twigs with berries as bacca, were placed on the heads of successful poets.

JANE.—A great deal of information can be given and received at table, and each dish should be prolonged with cheerful interludes of pleasant and social talk and conversation. "Chatted food is half digested," is an old proverb which contains much good advice.

DIANA.—People's opinions vary as to the length of time that constitutes a long engagement. It is impossible to pronounce a definite opinion in any particular case without knowing all the circumstances; but twelve months can hardly be said to be an unduly long period in any ordinary instance.

A. L. C.—Narciso Lopez, the Cuban revolutionist, was born in Venezuela in 1799. He was garroted in Havana, September 1, 1851. Col. Crittenden, of Kentucky, who was attached to his command, was shot with 200 of his men. Lopez was the son of a wealthy merchant, and sank almost his whole fortune in the organization of three successive expeditions to Cuba.

E. M. C.—If the time of the friend from a distance was limited, and if the other caller was a neighbor of the lady's, it would have been allowable in the lady to find some way to intimate the circumstances to the first caller, who, doubtless, would then have retired. As the lady did not do this, it would seem that she preferred the company of the first caller to that of the second.

STANDISH.—The modern dulcimer consists of a shallow trapezium-shaped box without a top, across which runs a series of wires, tuned by pegs at the sides, and played on by being struck by two cork-headed hammers. If you have no knowledge of musical instruments, you will find some difficulty in making it accurately. The Hebrew psaltery is supposed to have been a variety of the dulcimer.

TOM.—It is said that the phrase "going snacks" originated in this way: At the time of the plague in London a noted body snatcher resided in that city named Snacks. His business increased so fast that, finding he could not compass it, he offered to any person who should join him in his hardened practice half the profits; thus, those who joined him were said to go with Snacks. Hence, going snacks, or dividing the spoil.

C. F. W.—Yes. The "jolly old English lord" referred to was the famous Marquis of Queensbury, who flourished in the latter part of the last century, and was widely known among the aristocratic sporting circles of Great Britain, and, in fact, all over England, as "Old Q." He inclosed the letter in a cricket ball, and then stationing twenty expert cricketers at certain distances apart, he had them throw the ball from one to another, until the entire distance thus traversed by the letter equalled fifty miles. The feat was accomplished within the hour, and "Old Q" gained great eclat thereby.

ANNIE.—If you refer to sympathetic inks, writing with copperas turns blue if wetted with a solution of prussiate of potassa. Nitrate of cobalt turns blue on being wetted with a weak solution of oxalic acid. Rice water, or a solution of boiled starch, turns blue in a solution of iodine in weak spirit. The best sympathetic inks are the following: A solution of chloride or nitro-muriate of cobalt turns green when heated, and disappears on cooling. A dilute solution of chloride of copper becomes a fine yellow at a moderate heat, and disappears on cooling. A solution of acetate of cobalt, with a little nitrate added to it, turns rose colored by heat, and disappears on cooling.

A. O. R.—There are various causes of rheumatism, such as sudden changes of temperature, exposure to draughts, sleeping in a damp bed, etc. It may also be hereditary, which, although not showing itself for years, will be suddenly developed by a slight cold. A faulty digestion is also a great cause for this troublesome and painful affliction. The precise nature of the poisonous principle introduced into the blood in such cases has never been satisfactorily determined, various theories being entertained by different physicians. It is generally believed to be what is know as lactic acid. It would be advisable in your case to consult the family physician, who is, no doubt, thoroughly acquainted with any predisposing causes in your family.

J. F. T.—It is not possible to give a comprehensive answer to your question whether reading in trains is bad for the eyes and brain. Besides the difference made by the car, the light, the size of the print, the method of reading—poringly and laboriously, or easily and at a dash—the physique and temperament of the reader must be taken into account. If we were to say, without qualification, that railway reading is pernicious, somebody would be sure to write declaring that he had read regularly for twenty years in trains, till the aggregate would make a big library, and that he had suffered no harm. Most people cannot read much in trains, except under very favorable conditions, without incurring a strain that is injurious; and some, like yourself, ought to give up the practice altogether. It is better that each of us should humor his own peculiarities than that we should follow cast-iron rules. Reading in trains evidently ungears your nervous system badly, and so ought to be avoided by you.

TRUE FREEDOM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

An Innocent Thief.

BY M. E. P.

YES, Miss Falconer is a remarkably pretty girl, but——"

"Pretty! She is the loveliest girl I ever saw, and the sweetest!"

This emphatic declaration was uttered by my ex-ward, Reginald Dane, as we stood together, one brilliant January afternoon, on the terrace of the Casino at Monte Carlo.

He turned his back on the sea as he spoke, and faced me with a rather militant air, and his hands in his pockets.

"My dear boy, I don't deny it," I answered, pacifically, taking out my cigar-case; "she is all that is lovely and of good repute; but—she has a father." I paused impressively. "I ask you frankly—is Captain Falconer precisely the sort of man you would select for a papa-in-law?"

Reginald stared moodily at his boots, and made no reply.

"A man," I continued, deliberately, "of whom it is flattery to say that his character is doubtful, for there has long ceased to be any doubt about it. A roue and gambler, and worse, if report speaks truly."

"I know all that," he rejoined; "but if I married her, I should sever all connection with the Captain, you may be sure. He should never cross my threshold."

"Would Miss Falconer consent to a total separation from her only parent? She is evidently devoted to him."

"I don't know about devotion; she is very sweet and dutiful, but I fancy she has more fear than affection for him. He has an iron will."

"And an extraordinary influence over the will of others," I added. "I have felt it myself. By the way, it remains to be seen whether he will consent to the marriage."

Reginald looked at me rather blankly.

"Why, do you think there is any doubt of that? I fancied that—living the life he does—he would be rather glad to get his daughter off his hands."

"Perhaps—living the life he does—he may find her useful."

"Useful? Good heavens, Sir John, you don't mean that he uses Elsie as—as a decoy? What a horrible idea!"

"Not as a decoy, but as what the French call a porte-respect. The presence of a beautiful, lady-like, and irreproachable daughter gives him a sort of cachet of respectability which inspires confidence."

My companion was silent a moment, pulling his moustache.

"Oh, well," he said at last, looking up, "it's no use anticipating evils. I fancy I shall be able to 'square' the Captain if he make any difficulties. I happen to know that he is at rather a low ebb just now.

I also happened to be aware of the same fact, it having been brought to my notice, as no doubt it had to Reginald's, by a request for a loan. I might have complied with it, having the misfortune to belong to what Charles Lamb calls "the inferior race" of lenders, but for the interposition of a certain lady who is not only the partner of my joys and sorrows, but the keeper of my purse.

"No, Sir John, you will not lend Captain Falconer fifty pounds," that lady had said with decision, in the privacy of a conjugal tete-a-tete. "He is a dangerous and disreputable person, and if it were not for his daughter—whom I pitied sincerely, poor child! I would have nothing whatever to do with him. As it is, I wish with all my heart he was staying at another hotel."

But though she expressed her opinion of him with great vigor in private, it was noticeable that my wife was rather markedly civil to Captain Falconer in public. The fact, there was something about the man—a suggestion of latent power—which, though it might not inspire respect, excited politeness, even from those who disliked and distrusted him.

He was a tall, soldierly-looking man of four or five and forty, with a beak-like aquiline nose, a drooping moustache, and remarkably bright, penetrating dark eyes: "mesmeric eyes," my wife called them, and declared they had an uncanny power of reading one's thoughts.

Coming into lunch at the—— Hotel somewhat late, after my conversation with Reginald Dane above recorded, I found the usual group assembled at the end of the long table d'hote; Captain Falconer next to my wife, and beyond him, his daughter, Elsie, a pretty, fair-haired, fragile-looking girl of nineteen, at whose side sat Reginald. Captain Falconer, I found, had hit upon a topic which was sure to interest my wife. He was talking of diamonds.

"I was telling Lady Rushton," he explained affably, turning to me, "that I, like herself, am something of a connoisseur in diamonds."

"And Captain Falconer says, John," she added, "that he has never seen finer stones than those in the bracelet I wore last night—the one you gave me on my last birthday."

"H'm, they ought to be good, they cost enough," I grumbled, being hungry and somewhat cross.

"They are magnificent; old Brazilians of the purest water. But, my dear Lady Rushton," he continued, "is it wise to travel with such valuable jewelry, in these days of railway robberies and hotel thieves? Nothing is more easily snapped up than a jewel-case."

"I don't carry my jewels in a case," she returned confidentially; "when we are on a journey I wear them in a belt, and at night I put the belt——"

I touched her foot under the table, and she paused.

"Yes?" the Captain said interrogatively, looking her straight in the face with his piercing dark eyes.

"I put it—" she repeated, and paused again, then, as he still looked at her steadily, she finished her sentence with a jerk, as if the words had been forced from her—"under my pillow."

"Hus—sh, my dear madam—not so loud!" he whispered warningly, glancing over his shoulder; "I fear the waiter heard you. Let us talk of something else."

When my wife and I were alone, half an hour later, she startled me by exclaiming: "John, I believe Captain Falconer is Mephistopheles in person! You heard the stupid thing I said at lunch?"

"I heard you announcing to all whom it might concern, where you your jewels at night," I answered drily.

"Yes—was it not idiotic? I was perfectly aware of it at the time, but, do you know, Captain Falconer forced me to tell him. I tried to keep the words back, but his eyes seemed to wring them from me in spite of myself. Do you think—" she hesitated—"do you think he had any particular motive in asking?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I can't say, I'm sure, what his motive was," I rejoined, "but I think, on the whole, my dear, you had better find another hiding-place for your diamonds."

* * * * * *

Now it befell that two nights after this episode I was visited by a strange dream—if dream it were; but it was uncommonly like reality. I was unusually restless that night, and for some hours after Lady Rushton had been peacefully slumbering, I tossed and turned, trying in vain to sleep.

At last I fell into a doze, in which there came to me a hazy idea that the window, which I had left half closed, was now wide open, and that something, or someone, was moving near it.

For the better understanding of what follows, I must explain that our room was on the second floor front, and adjoined Miss Falconer's chamber, on the other side of which was that occupied by Reginald Dane. Captain Falconer slept on the floor above. The window opened after the usual foreign fashion, like a folding door, and had a hand-rail, but no balcony. Beneath was the stone terrace in front of the hotel.

It was clearly impossible for any living creature without wings to enter the room from that window; yet in my half-waking, half-dozing condition, it seemed to me that someone had entered by it.

A woman's figure, which might have dropped from the clouds, so suddenly had it appeared, stood in the opening, and after a pause stepped lightly in between the muslin curtains, and noiselessly approached the bed. As it came forward, the light of the night-lamp fell full upon its face. With a sudden shock and thrill of startled recognition, I saw that it was Miss Falconer.

She still wore her dinner-dress, with a light shawl over her shoulders. Her face was pale, and had a strained and anxious look which was not the vacant expression of a sleep-walker.

Without the least hesitation, she made her way to Lady Rushton's side of the bed, and cautiously slipped her hand beneath the pillow.

Whatever she expected to find was evidently not there. Again and again the stealthy hand renewed its search—in vain.

At length she withdrew it, stood for a few seconds irresolute, then turned away, and crossing the room with a noiseless but leisurely step, passed out through the window—passed out, as it seemed, into mid-air—and vanished!

For a few moments I was literally too astonished to move, and lay staring stupidly at the window by which she had so unaccountably disappeared.

Then, waking up all at once, I sprang from the bed, and looked out wildly at earth, and air, and sky, in search of my mysterious visitor. There was not a trace of her to be seen, nor was there any rope or ladder by which she could have entered. A broad ledge, or pediment of sculptured stone, forming part of the architectural decoration of the house, projected beneath the windows, but it was divided by a good four feet from the corresponding ledge of the next one.

That she could have crossed the intervening space, unaided, at such a giddy height, was clearly an impossible supposition. Then how had she come, and gone?

Craning my neck, I could see that her window was closed and shuttered, no gleam of light appearing between the shutters, and no sound coming from the room. The more I puzzled over the matter, the more mysterious did it appear, and I began to think that I must in fact have dreamt the whole incident.

"What in the world are you doing at the window?" my wife's voice demanded, sleepily.

"I—was looking at the moon, my dear," I answered in some confusion, and was preparing to return to bed and resume my interrupted slumbers, when I caught sight of a small white object lying on the floor at my feet.

It was a lady's handkerchief—a dainty little lace-bordered square of cambric, embroidered in one corner with a Christian name in full. The name was Elsie.

The following morning, contrary to my usual habit, I rose early and went at once in search of Miss Falconer, whom I knew I should be pretty sure to find in the garden. I came upon her presently seated under a drooping pepper-tree, with a book on her knee.

The day was Sunday, and there was, I thought, a sort of Sabbath atmosphere about the girl as she sat there in her fresh white gown, the image of maiden purity and peace. With her delicate pensive face framed in cloudy golden hair, her soft appealing blue eyes and sensitive lips, she might have been the original of one of Raphael's Madonnas. So lovely and so lovable she looked, it seemed sacrilege to suppose her capable of any evil thought or deed.

She glanced up with a smile as I approached—we were very good friends, she and I. "You are up early this morning, Sir John," she said, closing her book; "that is unusual, is it not?"

"Yes; early rising is not one of the virtures I practise habitually," I rejoined; "I keep it for special occasions."

"And is this a special occasion?"

"Certainly! I got up early to meet you." She laughed.

"I should be immensely flattered if I could quite believe it."

"Well, it is partly true, but it is also true that I had a restless night, and was glad to be out of bed. You look as if you had not slept yourself," I added, glancing at her. "Your eyes are heavy."

"Oh yes, I slept very well last night," she answered, "though, strange to say, I never went to bed."

"How was that?" I inquired, pricking up my ears.

"Well, I had a bad headache yesterday evening, and papa persuaded me to lie down on the couch in my room and let him 'charm it away.' You have no idea how soothing his touch is. He just strokes my forehead and all the pain vanishes directly. In five minutes I was asleep; a deep dreamless sleep from which I did not wake till morning, when I was very much astonished to find myself still on the couch fully dressed."

"Ah!" I murmured thoughtfully, and was silent so long that she looked at me in surprise.

"I think I have something that belongs to you," I resumed at last, taking the handkerchief from my pocket.

"Oh yes, that is mine," she exclaimed; "where did you find it?"

"I found it," I answered deliberately, watching her face as I spoke, "in our bedroom, last night. How do you suppose it came there?"

She met her eyes without the faintest shadow of consciousness or confusion.

"Probably Lady Rushton took it in mistake for her own."

"H'm—perhaps so. You never walk in your sleep, I suppose?"

She laughed outright.

"Not that I am aware of. I hope you and Lady Rushton don't suspect me of prowling about your room at night?"

To that she made no reply, but fell into a brown study again, tracing figures in the gravel with my cane.

She watched me with a flicker of amusement in her eyes.

"I don't think early rising agrees with you, Sir John," she observed demurely, after a pause.

"You are right, it does not," I answered, rousing myself. "I suppose I ought to be as lively as a lark at this virtuous hour, but I find myself as stupid as an owl. I shall make no apology for leaving you—particularly," I added, glancing down the walk, where Reginald Dane had just appeared, "as a more entertaining companion will take my place. Au revoir!"

Nodding to Reginald as I passed, I returned to the house, in a denser fog of perplexity than ever.

One thing was evident; Elsie was utterly unconscious of her action of the previous night. She had been a victim, not an accomplice; the helpless instrument of another's will.

What unholy spells had Captain Falconer exercised upon his daughter? Had she acted in obedience to "hypnotic suggestion"? That supposition seemed the most probable, in the light of what she had told me, but it still left unaccounted for the most perplexing point of the problem—how she could possibly have entered the room by the window. I puzzled over it till I was thoroughly bewildered, and at last dismissed the subject from my mind with the reflection that time would probably clear up the mystery, which, meantime, I resolved to keep strictly to myself.

Some days passed, however, and brought no solution, though they brought forth another event of some interest.

Reginald formally proposed to Captain Falconer for his daughter's hand—and, as I had anticipated, was rejected.

The Captain would condescend to give no explanation of his refusal except the statement that he had "other views" for her. The fact was, I suspect, that he did not see any prospective advantage to himself in the marriage, knowing that, when once it was a fait accompli, he would have nothing further to expect from Reginald, who frankly disliked him.

Anyhow, he refused point-blank, totally declining to be "squared." In vain the young man stormed and expostulated; in vain Elsie pleaded and wept. He met tears and anger with the same bland, but immovable determination. He laid no embargo on their intercourse, being fully aware that the girl was too dutiful, and too much afraid of him, to set him at defiance.

So the lovers continued to see each other as usual, but all their happiness was blighted. Elsie fretted openly, and Reginald took to evil courses; that is to say, he drank more than was good for him, and haunted the tables at the Casino when he ought to have been in bed. To compensate for having thwarted him in love, fortune favored him in play. He won steadily, and on one particular evening, after a longer seance than usual, rose from the trente-et-quarante table, the richer by some twenty thousand francs.

I was with him at the time, having thought it well, in his present reckless mood, to keep an eye on his proceedings.

He was not in the least elated by his good luck, seeming to care little whether he won or lost. He thrust his pocket-book, which was crammed with notes, into the breast-pocket of his coat, and turned from the table with a yawn.

"My head aches," he said; "let's go and have a soda at the buffet."

But I linked my arm in his, and drew him towards the door. Captain Falconer was hovering near us, and there was a peculiar gleam in that "mesmeric" eye of his which I did not like.

"No more 'sods' to-night," I said firmly; "you are going straight home to bed, and the first thing to-morrow morning you will deposit that money in the bank."

When we reached the hotel, I followed him upstairs to his room, and saw him throw the pocket-book carelessly into a drawer.

"I'm dead tired," he said, stretching himself; "I shall tumble in at once. Good-night, Sir John."

"Good-night and pleasant dreams," I rejoined; but instead of leaving the room, I locked the door, then proceeded with much deliberation to divest myself of my boots, and stretch myself on a couch which stood in the corner of the room.

Reginald stopped short in the act of removing his coat, and stared at me. "Hallo! what does that mean?" he demanded.

"It means, my dear boy, that I am going to pass the night here, if you have no objection."

"As guardian of the treasure?" he suggested, laughing. "I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure, but it really isn't necessary. The door is locked, and no one can possibly come in through the window."

"No matter. J'y suis, j'y reste."

"All right! But don't lie there, anyhow. Take the bed, and I'll have the couch."

"I'm perfectly comfortable here, thank you," I answered, and tried to think I was; but what human being was ever comfortable on a French hotel "sofa"? However, the inhospitable piece of furniture had one advantage; it offered no temptation to sleep, and, for certain reasons, I was particularly anxious to keep awake to-night.

Reginald insisted on giving me a pillow, then he "tumbled in," and in ten minutes was fast asleep.

According to his usual habit, he had left the window wide open, and the soft, flower-scented air—mild as if the month were June, instead of January—blew in, gently fluttering the curtains. There was no toilette table to obstruct the view, and I caught a glimpse of the sea, above which a pale half-moon was rising.

It was long after midnight. The moon rose, brightening as it rose, and a dread pale ray of light streamed across the floor from the open window. Suddenly, a shadow obscured it, and, looking up, I saw a woman's figure framed in the opening, its outlines darkly relieved against the background of moonlit sky. It was Elsie Falconer!

She stood for a moment in a listening attitude, then stepped into the room. I could see her face distinctly, and saw that it had the same strained and troubled look I had noticed before.

She crossed into the middle of the room, and paused, looking about her, as if hesitating where to begin her search.

Then I stepped noiselessly forward out of the shadow, and confronted her. She showed not the least alarm or surprise at my appearance, regarding me with mild, unspeculative eyes.

"You are looking for Reginald's pocket-book?" I said, in an undertone.

"Yes," she acquiesced quietly, as if it were the most simple and natural errand in the world.

"I will give it you," I answered, turning my back on her as I opened the drawer where Reginald had placed it.

After a moment I handed it to her. It contained, now, nothing but a slip of paper on which I had hastily pencilled a short but pithy note addressed to Captain Falconer.

She took it from me without a word, and turned to go. I followed her to the window, and a glance outside showed me how she had reached it. The solution of the mystery was so simple that I only wondered I had not guessed it before.

I have already said that beneath each of the windows on the second floor was a projecting ledge of sculptured stone. A narrow board about four feet long—evidently the shelf of a cupboard—had been placed between Miss Falconer's window and Reginald's, resting on the ledges, and forming a bridge which connected them.

What if the board slipped? What if she turned giddy at that perilous height? A false step would probably cost her her life, for nothing interposed to break her fall on to the stone-paved terrace beneath.

Involuntarily I made a movement to hold her back, but it was already too late.

Lightly, steadily, without a trace of fear, she stepped across. I saw a hand put forth from the adjoining window to draw her in; the board was instantly removed, the window closed, and all was still.

I listened intently for any sound of voices from the next room, but none reached me. After an interval, however, I heard the door softly open and close, and footsteps passed down the corridor. The Captain had probably read *my* note, and had retired to his own room to digest it. I smiled sweetly, and the thought of his discomfiture had so soothing an effect on me that, returning to my inhospitable couch, I slept the sleep of the just till morning.

* * * * * *

When we assembled at lunch next day, I was scarcely surprised to find that one member of our little party was missing.

Captain Falconer, taking to heart my warning, had incontinently vanished from the scene, leaving behind him some valueless luggage, several unpaid bills—and his daughter.

Elsie never saw her father again. He was heard of from time to time at various haunts of high play, and later, the news came that he had lost his life in a gamoling affray at San Francisco.

Long before that event, however, Elsie was Reginald Dane's wife.

Jannett's Strange Ride.

BY WILL T. RENNERS, JR.

JANNETT REED rose suddenly from the dinner table, at which she had been sitting, and turning, glanced quickly at the clock ticking on the mantel behind her.

"Goodness! Grace. It's half past three. I had no idea it was so late. I was listening to Uncle Le Forrest when all at once I seemed to feel such a strange, subtle feeling coming over me, an urging, drawing sensation; at first almost akin to fear as if some danger threatened me. But it's over now, dear Grace" said Jannett bravely, noticing the look of apprehension on Grace Darling's pretty girlish face. "I must really be setting off, for mother asked me to be home before night fall—and you know its twenty long miles to Brattleboro."

"Yes! So it is, dear Jannett, but Prince knows every step of the way although he must be tired with his journey here this morning," answered Grace Darling as she helped her beautiful cousin into her warm, winter wraps.

"You must bundle up warm, Jannett, for its growing colder every minute. I'm sorry you did not tell George you were coming, for I am sure he would gladly have driven you home. Since dear father's accident, I have grown strangely timid of late."

There was almost a pang of envy in Grace Darling's heart as she gazed at her cousin.

It was a pretty picture, that the bright glow of the firelight shone upon, touching with tenderness the faces of the two young girls,—so different in their beauty.

Jannett Reed was a perfect blonde, with deep sea blue eyes and delicate features; "Plump as a partridge" handsome George Pratt had called her and Jannett had smiled brightly at the young man for his presumption.

He had been Grace Darling's friend. While on a visit that past summer at her uncle La Forrest Darling's house, Jannett Reed had met the young and dashing expressman, and both had met their fate. It was a case of love at first sight, but George had been called suddenly away and he had never spoken to Jannett of the hope that was thrilling in his warm, true heart;—the hope of making her his wife. In his mind he could see the little home of which he hoped some day she would be queen,—his loved and honored wife Jannett and he had walked down a retired street, where sheltered under a drooping elm stood a little cottage painted white and green, with a shady porch, where when the day's work was done Jannett and he would sit and make love among the clustering roses. But stern Fate had decreed that he should be parted from her, before he could speak those momentous words.

"Must you really go to-day, Jennie?" asked Uncle Le Forrest from his sick couch in an anxious tone. "See it is snowing fast and furious, and I would rather have you stay, dear."

But Jannett could not remain, so in a few moments the little pony phaeton disappeared from Grace Darling's sight swallowed up in the blinding snow storm of the late November afternoon. As Jannett drove swiftly onward, her thoughts were busy and troubled. All day long she had been thinking of a dark, sullen face—which she could not shut out from her memory,—the face of Ralph Raymond, the village blacksmith, who had had the audacity to ask her to be his wife, only a few days before. Of course she had refused him, for deep hidden in her heart was a pure, true love for handsome George Pratt, the expressman. He had never spoken of love to her, and the girl's gentle nature, with its wealth of affection was also endowed with womanly pride, and she felt she would rather die than have him suspect her secret. She had rejected Ralph Raymond somewhat haughtily for she did not like him, and there were floating rumors which had reached her, concerning his unprincipled life, which made her half afraid of him. Somehow the thought of him had haunted her all day like a black shadow. She recalled his angry looks when she had told him she could never be his wife, and the threatening gesture, with which he had suddenly confronted her,—his sullen face was flushed with anger and his small, gray eyes held a revengeful gleam.

"I'll make you sorry for this, my lady," he had hissed malignantly transfixing her with his cruel gaze. "You shall live to repent your refusal of me! Sooner or later I will pay you back for this."

She had caught a glimpse of his stalwart figure as she drove Prince through the village on her way to visit her cousin, Grace, that morning, and somehow the sight of him had filled her with vague forebodings of evil. All day she had felt that strange oppression on her heart and now, driving rapidly homeward in the dying day the feeling grew and increased in intensity. The snow ceased falling, slowly the sun went down,—a magnificent sight. A glorious west all aflame with gold and Tyrian purple; and a crimson glow fell athwart the snow clad mountains and tipped the green of the firs with tiny lances of radiant fire.

Darkness was fast descending upon that silent world, and Jannett Reed urged Prince forward—ever forward. There was a lonely ravine, called "Murderer's Hollow" which she hoped to leave far behind her ere darkness overtook her. She had just entered the "Hollow" when all at once Prince gave a frightened start and fell back upon his haunches with a shrill whinny of fear while Jannett's frightened eyes beheld a sight which drove the blood from her heart.

Around a sharp bend of the road, a vehicle came swiftly into sight and seated within was a horrible figure. A face covered with a hideous black mask—the glaring eyes disguised by immense staring goggles which in the fast approaching darkness seemed to emit flames, like coals of fire. The frightful looking figure, at this lonely hour and in this supposed haunted spot was enough to frighten the bravest man, and Jannett was paralyzed with terror.

With a harsh laugh the figure sprang to the ground, and seizing Prince by the bridle drew a pistol and pointed it at the trembling girl.

"You shall come with me!" he said in a low menacing voice which struck to Jannett's trembling heart with a familiar intonation, "if you do not consent to come quickly I will blow your brains out!"

But Jannett Reed was not a coward. Her heart was beating tumultuously with fear and horror; but she determined to strike one blow in her own defense. Seizing the carriage whip she turned suddenly and struck the villian a blow full across his face. With a howl of rage and pain the man recoiled; at that moment the mask fell from his face and Jannett saw with sickening horror the face of Ralph Raymond.

In her desperation she struck Prince a sharp, stinging blow and the horse dashed away like a wild creature. On, on! old Prince never covered so much ground in so short a time before. On, on, he went tearing over the snowy road as though pursued—on past Chesterfield Lake; on, on, Jannett could scarcely retain her seat in the phaeton. But she set her teeth hard together and her eyes wore a resolute look as old Prince dashed madly onward.

The bridge at last. The bridge which spanned the brawling Connecticut River. Jannett's heart gave a mad bound with terror as she remembered the bridge was unsafe. Could she control Prince and turn him back from certain destruction?

In vain she pulled upon the reins; she might as well have attempted to move the earth as to stop the maddened beast. On to the shaking, quivering structure the horse dashed madly.

Crash! crash! went rotten timbers, and down, down into the black, whirling waters below plunged the horse and phaeton with the poor girl clinging madly to the seat.

Jannett closed her eyes. . . . When she opened them again she was lying with her head pillowed on a manly breast and George Pratt's tender voice was calling her by name, while he showered loving kisses upon her pale lips, her brow and hair.

"Jannett, Jannett! Thank God you are alive," he cried, as she opened her eyes, "and thank God I chanced to be passing just in time to rescue you. Prince has swam ashore and gone home. Oh tell me, my darling are you hurt at all?"

Her eyes met his with a look of love in their depths; he clasped her to his heart murmuring tenderly: "Surely, my darling, you know I love you. Be my dear wife as soon as possible" and so that was the happy ending to Jannett's Strange Ride.

The Ugly Man.

BY L. S.

THERE were five of us—all girls—and I was the Cinderella. My four sisters had been educated in Paris, each had been presented at court, and each had made her debut in London society under the wing of a distant cousin, Lady Elizabeth Tabor.

But none of my sisters were married. Why, I was never allowed to question—there was a profound silence on the subject, and no opinion had ever been ventured by any member of the family as to the cause of their perpetual maidenhood. But Janet, the maid-of-all-work, had been heard to remark, "I'll eat my head if it isn't all on account of them family warts on the sides of their noses." And I firmly believe it became the accepted idea.

Now I had escaped this obnoxious and disfiguring inheritance, and therefore, in spite of the fate that there was no money left to educate me, and not the ghost of a chance of a London season of presentation at Court: in spite, I say, of all this, my family regarded me a possible matrimonial subject.

I was very minute, and I don't think I was a beauty; but there was a fair amount of intelligence in my face, and the country air and simple life had kept the round roses in my cheeks, and the light in my nut-brown hair and green-gray eyes. But I never had time to think about these things; I have called myself the Cinderella, and that means that I was incessantly employed from morning till night, because, you see, I had no accomplishments to "keep us," and someone had to do the dusting, baking, preserving, and family millinery, and if I had had more leisure I doubt if I should have spent it otherwise than I did. My recreation in summer was a book in the cherry-tree, high up in the thick branches, where I could plant my feet and rest my back, and forward my self-cultivation. In winter, when the flooded fields were frozen, I wove my dreams of wild romance as I rushed through the frosty air on my skates and drank to intoxication the winter's fairy wine.

It was summer time when I first saw the Ugly Man, and it happened in this wise. The cherry-tree, in which I sat, flourished outside our rectory garden in a field, through which there was a short cut to the market-place. My father had made this footpath in consideration for some of his aged parishioners who had to carry heavy baskets backwards and forwards to market, and who in gratitude had never abused his kindness by robbing his fruit-trees, or trespassing on the adjoining fields. So that one hot August afternoon, I was somewhat surprised to see from my arm-chair in the leafy boughs a man slowly approaching me, with evident intention of taking a nap beneath the shade of my tree.

But as he came nearer I saw he was a gentleman and a stranger. I could not see his face, peep through the branches as I might, and I had not a chance when he sat down with his back to me and drew his hat over his eyes.

I did not stir lest he might discover me and become a bore, and I read on without further thought of him. But whether it was the sultriness of the day, or the proximity to the slave of Morpheus below, a dreadful drowsiness overcame me, my eyelids closed, my mouth opened, the book in my hands slipped slowly down, from branch to branch, till it landed plump on the individual's hat.

I started in horror, and he sprang to his feet, picked up the volume and examined the flyleaf carefully,

"HILDA REEVES.
FROM HERSELF.

"'Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.'"

Then he looked up, and bobbed about like a jack-in-the-box till he saw me. I was staring down upon him, not at all inclined to apologize, and disgusted at his ugliness. He was a clean-shaven man of about thirty, with a large, deeply lined mouth a

huge forehead, and tiresomely piercing eyes that were bound to discover whatever they searched for.

"Is this your book?" he asked, raising his hat. At any rate, his voice was mellifluous.

"Yes; I am so sorry it fell! Were you hurt?"

"Not in the least! But am I trespassing; is this private land? I thought by the foot-path——"

"Oh, it doesn't matter a bit. You are a stranger here, I suppose. The field belongs to the rectory, but any one may pass through it. Pray resume your rest, unless I have disturbed you too completely."

"And you? How shall I give you back your book?"

"Don't trouble, I am coming down." And I began to spring in my usual way from branch to branch. Whether I was too anxious to perform my feat as gracefully as possible, or whether I turned giddy, I don't know, but when the passage became a little intricate I lost my footing and slipped, and must have come a crash to the ground, if the Ugly Man had not stretched out his arms and caught me. Once on my feet again I looked up at him with flaming cheeks and dishevelled hair.

"How very clumsy of me; I feel so annoyed."

"Please don't—it was a presumption, but what was I to do? You would certainly have injured yourself if I hadn't caught you."

I held out my hand. "I was ungrateful! Come back to the house with me, and let me give you a cup of tea."

His hand closed over mine for a brief second—nay, it was an electric eternity! An unutterable thrill shook me from head to foot when I met his touch, and I led the way to the rectory in silence with a strange wonder at my heart.

Everyone was out but my father, and I took my rescuer straight to the library, and explained the circumstances. A few minutes later, when I entered with the tea-tray, I found them in interested conversation. The Ugly Man came to my assistance, with a quietness and grace, that went well with his slight, delicate figure. If only he hadn't been quite so ugly! I watched his face narrowly, as he talked, to try and discover some redeeming feature, but the light was uncertain, and he sat with his back to it; once when he shifted his seat, and glanced at me with some question, I caught a gleam from his eyes that was almost an electric flash, and I saw they were as clear and blue as the heavens.

He had traveled a great deal, and had just returned to England to see after some property that had come into his command.

"You are like our neighbor, Sir Guy Prior," my father said; "he has been abroad for years, and now his old rascal of an uncle is dead, he has come to take up his abode among us—at least I hope so, for I like the look of him. I saw him as I passed the place this morning giving his orders for the laying out of some waste land."

"What sort of a man is he—young?" The Ugly Man spoke with indifference, and began to wonder if after all he were not laughing at us, and our unsophisticated ways.

"Quite a lad," my father replied. "Must you go? well, I am very much obliged to you, my good sir, for your kindness to my little daughter; I hope it will cure her of risking her neck again."

"I am afraid I made the risk," he answered, smiling, and bending on me, as he thrilled me once more with his touch, a long, scrutinizing gaze.

My sisters were delighted with my adventure, and I refrained from describing my rescuer, that they might have the full benefit of a possible romance. But it fell to the ground a few days afterwards, when I was busy jam-making, and saw him swing up the path. A ridiculous rush of blood flew to my face, and I had no time to wrench off my sticky apron when he had reached the window, and was smiling in upon me.

"I have come to fetch my stick I left here," he explained; "I hope I am not a bother."

I unfastened the kitchen door and let him in.

"What hot work," he said, laughing at my refusal to give him a sticky hand; "isn't it too much for you?"

"It will soon be done.

To my astonishment, before I would raise the least objection he had seated me comfortably in the cushioned window-seat, and was stirring the stew-pan himself. He asked for directions, and I gave them, and watched him with intense amusement complete the business by filling the jam jars that were waiting on the table.

"Now I think I have earned a request, Miss Hilda," he said coolly.

"What is it?"

"That you will let me sit here with you a few minutes and smell the honeysuckle."

I drew into my corner, and he seated himself opposite to me, and soon he had landed me in burning fields of posey and art. The clock struck, and I started up.

"Come into the drawing-room," I said; "I must get tea, and you will find my sisters there."

My father showed great pleasure at seeing him again, and welcomed him warmly. I knew my sisters' expression so well, that I felt inclined to laugh right out as I read their disappointment, and I knew their thoughts as if they had uttered them—"Ugly little man!" "Hideous little monster!" And when they heard his name was plain John Smith, their disgust was supreme. However, they good naturedly assured me when he had gone, that they would not stand in my way. And they left me day after day as the summer slipped away, and I found myself constantly by his side, to entertain him as I would. I had no thoughts of falling in love, but gradually and absolutely my whole heart went out to him in all its fire of passion, and there was only restlessness and torture for me away from him. Soul to soul we spoke of things that touched our keenest sensibilities, and life became a grand, glorious reality to me.

No one had made the acquaintance yet of Sir Guy Prior, but he was giving a big "house-warming," and we were all invited. My sisters were elated; each in her heart dreamed of triumph at last! They discussed their dresses, and I set up with them night after night to help the anxious preparations. They tried good-naturedly to arrange a gown for me, but nothing would fit, and there was no time for alterations. I did not care in the least, till the Ugly Man, as we continued to call him, said to me the day before, "How many dances will you give me to-morrow?"

"Oh!" I cried. "are you going?"

"Yes. You look dreadfully concerned!"

I turned my face from his searching glance, and answered in a choking voice: "Because—because I can't go!"

My hands were locked to his breast, and he was kissing my brow.

"Do you care so much, little Hilda? Do you love me?"

I raised my eyes to his, and our lips met in one, long, passionate kiss.

"You shall—you must go!" he said presently. "I'm going in to bully those selfish sisters of yours."

"Oh, don't; they don't mean to be unkind! It has been so hard for them never to marry, and perhaps this Sir Guy will take to a fancy one of them."

John threw back his head and pealed with laughter.

"I don't want to be rude—but really, darling——"

"You are very rude," I interrupted, "and I've a great mind to come to the ball in my white muslin just to shame you."

"Is that all? Is it only a question of dress? Why, Hilda, you are perfectly lovely in that soft white gown. Promise me to wear nothing else."

I knew what a dear, whimsical thing he was, and I was mad to go, so in spite of all my sisters' remonstrances the white muslin was washed and ironed, and by nine o'clock the next night I had it on ready to start. Then a sweet surprise came to me. Janet rushed into my room with a large box in her arms.

"That sweetheart of yours has sent you some flowers, ducky!"

I opened the lid, and there lay the most exquisite wreath of lilies-of-the-valley. One I wound completely round my neck, one among my dark coils, and the rest Janet fashioned about my skirt, as she chose. I gazed at myself a moment in the glass, I saw the dazzling whiteness of my bosom and arms, and I thought how fair love can make all commonplaces.

The ballroom was crowded when we arrived. My father made for a stripling youth and introduced himself and his daughters.

"Oh! I am not Sir Guy," the boy said, "I am only his agent. Here he is."

John Smith was coming eagerly towards us with outstretched hand.

"Let me welcome you with all my heart," he said, "to my ancestral home—and to apologise with deep contrition for what I have done."

No one spoke. My sisters were on the point of fainting.

"It was such a temptation," he went on, "to make myself liked in an unconventional way, and I never should have won my wife so easily if there had been the bridge of ceremony to cross. Hilda, won't you forgive me?"

I took his arm with a proud glad smile, and felt just as Cinderella did when the slipper fitted none other.

Miss Blithely (interested in science): "Can one get a shock from a telephone?" Top Spiffkins (intent on ethics): "That depends, my dear young lady, on who is talking at the other end."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In France, in recent years, much attention has been given to school hygiene. Not only is physical culture made compulsory in all public schools, but the plans of all scholastic buildings, both public and private, must be approved by the public authorities, and all schools are subjected to systematic medical inspection.

A great deal of time is spent by inventors in endeavoring to perfect the cigarette, and render it as harmless as possible. A recent attempt has resulted in providing the cigarette with a straw tip in addition to which a little cotton wool is ingeniously inserted, for the purpose of preventing any nicotine from reaching the smoker's mouth.

There is no such thing as a Chinese language any more than there is a European language. A Canton man cannot understand an Amoy man, and the writer has seen two Chinamen sitting together with a third one acting as an interpreter. "Pigeon English" is the common tongue of commerce. It has a limited vocabulary, but is sufficiently flexible to answer any purpose.

A curious "boom" in land was recently raised in Burmah by a sharp native, who relied on his fellow-countrymen's superstition. He coated an old image of Buddha with luminous paint and set it up on his property, announcing far and wide the marvels of the shining image. Pilgrims flocked to the spot, were struck with wonder, a pagoda was built, houses sprang up, and the landowner made his fortune.

A Lewiston, Me., paper says: "In a backwoods Maine settlement that a great railroad brought into touch with the rest of the world a year or two ago the inhabitants say there were never any rats until the railroad came. Now they are so thick the housekeepers have to hang their dainties by a string from the cellar beams. This may prove a warning to the ratless communities when a railroad offers to come in their direction, and furnish a new argument to the obstructionists."

While sawing a cypress log about thirty inches in diameter, taken from a bayou near Stradner, Louisiana, sparks were noticed flying from the saw. An investigation showed that the saw had come in contact with a piece of iron, which, on being extracted, proved to be a loaded shell. The shell was imbedded in the centre of the log, and no trace of an aperture was noticed. The missile was probably thrown by one of the contending armies in the late civil war, and lodged in the tree, which, gradually increasing in dimensions, entirely closed the entrance of the shell.

It gives an impressive idea of what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that on emerging from the river the new City and Waterloo Line will in its passage up Queen Victoria street run for a part of the way under the low level main sewer, which, in its turn, runs along beneath the district underground railway. So that at that point in the city they shall have, first, a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about 65 feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London which will lie at a depth of 80 feet.

A sextuple photographic telescope has just been completed for the Yale Observatories which may revolutionize the present astronomical methods and lead to valuable new discoveries. Having six cameras instead of one, the new telescope can cover a field in the sky equal to that which would be occupied by 2400 full moons. With this wonderful gain of perspective not only does it seem probable that it may reveal new facts relating to meteoric heights, but that it may cast new light upon the moon as a living world. Enlargement of the negatives of the Lick Observatory revealed last year the existence of a new lunar crater, and the Arequipa Observatory has discovered evidences of actual physical change.

The quaint old custom of the curfew bell survives not alone in the immortal poem of "Curfew shall not ring to-night." There is, at least, one place in North America where curfew is rung. It remained for a poetess in a remote little town of Michigan to celebrate the romance of the picturesque practice of our forefathers, and it is a modest little Canadian village, not unknown to fame, where the ancient usage is still observed. At 9 o'clock every evening at Toronto Junction curfew is tolled, and at the sound of the nine ominous strokes every small boy and every small boy's sister under the age of twelve must, unless accompanied by their parents, say "Good night" and leave the streets. For the benefit of those careless fathers and mothers who permit even older boys and girls to roam the streets after dark this new Canadian fashion of curfew might be profitably introduced into the great cities of the United States.

Testing a Train.—The last Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil once gave audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway-engines. The Emperor was pleased with the thing and said, "We will put it at once to a practical test. The day after to-morrow have your engine ready; we will have it coupled to my saloon carriage, and then fire away. When going at full speed, I will unexpectedly give the signal to stop, and then will see how the apparatus works." At the appointed time the Emperor entered his carriage and the engineer mounted his engine, and on they went for a considerable distance—indeed the young engineer began to suspect that the Emperor had fallen asleep—when the train suddenly came to a sharp curve round the edge of a cliff, on turning which the driver saw, to his horror, an immense boulder lying on the rails. He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull up the engine within a few yards of the fatal block. Here the Emperor put his head out of the window and asked what they were stopping for. The engineer pointed to the piece of rock, on seeing which Dom Pedro burst into a merry laugh. "Push the thing on one side!" he called out to the engineer, who had jumped down from the locomotive; and, when the latter in his confusion blindly obeyed, and kicked the stone with his foot, it crumbled into dust. It was a block of starch that Dom Pedro had ordered to be placed on the rails the night before.

"Put This in the Middle."—Much undoubtedly veritable old Chinese porcelain, such as Canton and Nanking, says a contemporary writer, is found in New England seaports and river valley towns; nor can it be doubted that many persons in America and England ordered services of porcelain to be made and decorated for for them in China. These orders were sometimes filled in a manner which was vastly disappointing. Miss Leslie, the sister of the great painter, related that she ordered a dinner service to be made and decorated for her in China. She directed that a coat of arms should be placed in the centre of each plate, and made a drawing of the coat of arms and pasted it in the centre of a specimen plate, and wrote under it, "Put this in the middle." Great was her dismay when, on the arrival of the china, she found on every piece not only the coat-of-arms, but the words, indelibly burnt in, "Put this in the middle."

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

JAMIE SCOTT'S HOLIDAY.

BY S. PITT.

"HURRY up, Jamie, you'll be late for school."

"I'm not going to school to-day," returned Jamie in a defiant whisper.

"What for?" cried his sister, her face full of shocked surprise.

"Hush! I don't want mother to hear; come outside, I'll tell you there."

The pair slipped cautiously out into the street. Jeanie had a little satchel full of books slung across her shoulder; Jamie ha never owned a satchel—he carried his books under his arm, or in his jacket pocket. As soon as they got round the corner he slipped his two ragged primers into his sister's bag. "There, you can keep those among yours till I come back; and mind, you're not to go saying I'm not at school, or you'll get none of my next apple."

"But what are you going to do, Jamie?" she asked.

"I'm going to take a holiday; I get no time for anything now I'm at that school. The Queen's coming along Burley Street this morning, with a whole lot of horses and soldiers behind, and I'll have a good look at her first, then I'm going off to fish. Tom Purkiss gave me a hook two days ago, and it's no use carrying it about in one's pocket all the time. We'll have some fine fish for supper to-night, you'll see."

"But what will Mr. Thomson say?" began Jeanie.

"Mr. Thomson'll have to catch me before he says anything—I'll get the whole day first, anyhow; I'm off."

Jeanie watched him flying along the street till he was out of sight, then she went quietly schoolwards by herself. Mother might not scold very much, for Jeanie could always move her to pity with penitent looks; but Mr. Thomson was a different story. He was the schoolmaster, and looks counted for little with him, if lessons were not learnt, or absences not satisfactorily accounted for.

Jamie understood that as well as anyone, but at present he did not want to think of it. He had the whole day before him; it was only nine o'clock yet, so he would go and look for a good place to see the Queen's procession first—he had never seen her in his life, and expected something wonderful. There would be lots of time left to fish afterwards.

Burley Street was soon reached. Jamie sauntered slowly from one end to the other, carefully inspecting every window-ledge and lamp-post on the way before he could make up his mind as to the most convenient spot for seeing all that went on. He decided finally on a flight of steps leading up to an empty office; there would be no people wanting to come up there on business, and he could look down beautifully, for there wasn't even a railing to interfere with the view. Jamie planted himself comfortably on the top step, ready to wave his cap and join in the cheering the instant the Queen came round the corner.

He was the only person who seemed to be ready; the other people were hurrying along the pavement, as if they didn't know anything about it. Two or three flags were flapping lazily against the poles in the damp mist—there wasn't wind enough to stir them; the sun was out of sight behind the gray clouds, and apparently meant to stay there. By-and-by it struck ten by the big church clock down the street, and Jamie began to wonder whether the Queen had overslept herself.

"She must be taking an awful time to her breakfast," he said to himself. "I could have eaten six breakfasts by this time."

"What are you perched up there for?" demanded a big policeman, who had noticed him rather curiously once or twice.

"Waiting for the Queen, of course," returned Jamie promptly.

"Oh!" laughed the man. "She won't be here these two hours yet. Come back at twelve—you'll be in plenty of time."

"And find a lot of women and children all over my steps," said Jamie. "I've come on purpose to see her, and I'm going to stop here till she comes."

"All right, as long as you keep out of mischief," returned the man. "Time must be cheap in your parts."

Those steps were very cold. Jamie stood first on one foot, then on the other; he stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and whistled through every tune he could think of, but that church clock took a woful while to get to eleven, still longer to twelve. School was often tiresome enough, but Jamie didn't feel quite sure that it was any worse than sitting up here so long; he was getting very hungry, too, and that did not help matters.

People were beginning to look out of windows at last, and stand about the kerbstones—fresh, cheerful-looking people who had had some lunch and felt warm and comfortable.

Jamie felt that the Queen would need to be very stately and her crown a perfect blaze of diamonds to make up for the long wait.

Then the soldiers made their appearance. They were dotted at regular distances each side of the roadway; their red coats were quite refreshing. Jamie cheered up. This was sight-seeing in earnest. A few minutes more and two mounted police rode past, then some soldiers, and after them a plain dark carriage with four gray horses.

"There she is!" cried a woman on the step below.

"Who?" gasped Jamie.

"Why, the Queen, of course; don't you see the feather in her bonnet? That's her."

Jamie stared after the vanishing bonnet in blank dismay. "That the Queen! that little woman! where's her crown gone to?" he inquired.

The carriage was already nearly out of sight, and the woman looked round at Jamie with a laugh.

"Why, you stupid boy, do you think she goes about the streets in a gold crown?"

"I'd never have stayed all this time to see just an ord'nary black bonnet," retorted Jamie indignantly. "Why I'd rather have gone to school twice over; it's too bad!"

Jamie came down from his flight of steps stiff and aching all over. At the end of the street he came upon Tom Purkiss, lunching off a brown roll.

"Oh, you might give me a bite," begged Jamie. "I've been waiting here for hours—I'm awfully hungry."

Tom broke his roll in two, and handed over one half. As he munched it, Jamie told him about his disappointment.

"Well, I wouldn't be you to-morrow morning when Mr. Thomson gets hold of you," remarked Tom consolingly. "And you needn't think you'll get any fish either; I didn't—and with a new rod too."

"I'm going to try it," said Jamie stoutly; "it's no use taking a holiday if I don't do something. This morning's been no good at all."

Alas, the afternoon was little better. Jamie trudged manfully up the burnside, and trailed his hook over every likely spot. The grass was wet and soppy, and his toes like stones for coldness. If he had chanced to catch a fish, he could almost have devoured it raw, he was so hungry, for that half roll of Tom Purkiss' didn't take the place of dinner by any means. Once, just as it was beginning to get dusk, something did give a tug at the hook, something heavy too.

Jamie planted his feet firmly on a boulder and began to haul in his line very cautiously indeed; this was no minnow or half-grown trout, it felt—it felt more like a salmon. Jamie's face grew quite scarlet at the thought of the triumph of going home with a real salmon, his own catching, and caught where never salmon had been caught before.

He got it out at last with a tug and a jerk that upset his balance on the wet stone and landed him up to his knees in the stream. Another disappointment! It wasn't a fish at all—nothing but a clumsy old leather boot that might have belonged to some carter or tramp. Jamie flung it back into the water, with a groan that nearly ended in a sob.

He had no heart to try again; the day was over and there hadn't been one bit of satisfaction about it: he might just as well have gone to school. Jamie twisted up the line and thrust it into his pocket; it was no use hoping any longer.

"Well, I've wanted a holiday for years," he said to himself as he marched soberly home, "but I don't think I'll ever care about another. There's Mr. Thomson to-morrow morning too. I wouldn't have cared a bit if I'd only had a good time, but it hasn't been worth the trouble. Everything's gone wrong, and I believe—I do believe it's because I didn't get the holiday the right way."

Which was one lesson Jamie learnt that day without knowing it.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—Christian Rauch, who died in 1857, at the age of eighty, was one of the most famous sculptors of Germany; and his grandiose monument to Frederick the Great and his contemporaries is one of the landmarks in the great and ever-growing capital of the German Empire.

Now, Rauch was of very humble birth, and in his early days was glad to accept a post as one of the footmen in the royal family of Prussia. Many long years afterwards, when his genius and his perseverance had raised him to the glory of great name and fame, he was bidden to a banquet which the art-loving king, Frederick William IV., intended to give at Charlottenburg Palace, where the Court was then residing, it being summer time.

Nowadays Charlottenburg is easily accessible by rail or tramcar, but in Rauch's time these facilities did not exist, and carriage hire was comparatively expensive. The great sculptor, even if on pleasure (or peradventure on glory) bent, never failed to show a frugal mind, and accepted the gracious invitation of one of his princely admirers, who was also to be one of the guests, and who offered to drive the artist down.

The time came. The royal chariot, with all due trappings, and with the prince inside, drew up at Rauch's studio, and the illustrious sculptor seated himself by the side of his patron, who, after hearty greetings, said—

"I am so glad to have your company."

"But," retorted Rauch, "that is not the first time we have driven this way together."

"Surely, my dear Rauch, you are mistaken. I cannot remember the pleasure——"

"Well, perhaps not; but I do. Only last time your Highness—'tis forty years ago—was seated alone inside, and I was one of the flunkeys at the back of the carriage, standing on the footboard and holding on by a strap!"

BEGGARS WHO ARE EDUCATED.—It is astonishing to learn what a deal of real knowledge and culture is to be found in even the lowest classes of beggars. Of course the majority, we know, are only capable of putting the traditional mark in lieu of their name; but there exists a fair sprinkling of different classes of beggars possessed of an ample share of learning.

In a manner this may be easily accounted for. A beggar who now wields a broom in one of the suburbs of London was formerly a private tutor to the sons of a well-known divine. Owing to a number of debts contracted at the billiard table and elsewhere which he found it impossible to discharge he was forced to give up his position or his person. He chose the former, but he never afterwards regained his social footing.

From his many troubles and difficulties he sought to free himself by drink. Lower and lower he sank, until at length his mental faculties broke down, and from one thing to another he at last took to sweeping crossings.

Another sad case is that of a woman who was once an exceptionally clever artist, but without the will to help herself in any way. She had peculiar ideas, too, about right and wrong. She was formerly a familiar figure at the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other public buildings, where she sketched from models and pictures.

The other students, who noticed her shrunken, half-starved form, used kindly to offer to help her, urging her acceptance of some of their sandwiches; but the poor woman could never be brought to do so.

"I will not rob you of your food," she would say. "If you have anything over, I shall be glad of it. Otherwise I can do without it."

And so they, knowing her peculiarity, used to leave sandwiches and cakes behind the statues, whence they knew the poor creature would get them after they had all gone. She now sells matches in the street.

Opium has brought more than one person endowed with fine intellect, within the writer's acquaintance, to a state of utter destitution, and a man who solicits alms in a West-end thoroughfare can recite Greek verse. He was formerly a schoolmaster, but was discharged for ill-treating the boys and getting tipsy within school hours.

BEYOND HER YEARS.—A little girl had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mother how she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask "grandpa" to buy her one. The mother answered that "grandpa" did not like dogs, and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said, "Wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see." "Oh," answered the child, whose few years had taught her little wisdom; "the more ill I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me!"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago is said to have 207 millionaires.

A little over 12 per cent. of milk is solid matter.

It is said that Paderewski, the pianist, made $250,000 while in the United States.

The Chinese Emperor dines alone, and his repast always consists of 8 dishes.

It is said that there are three kinds of fish that never sleep—salmon, pike, and goldfish.

During the Franco-Indian war of 1754 the French offered a bounty for English scalps.

In New Orleans the death rate for negroes last week was 41.28; among whites it was 19.80.

The largest bronze statue in the world is that of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, in Russia.

For the third time a Wisconson man has recently married a woman from whom he had been twice divorced.

Apple-green shirts, a London fashion authority avers, are to be the correct thing for men the coming season.

There are 2726 policemen for the 1,600,000 people in Chicago, against 13,514 for the 5,000,000 people in London.

The State of Wyoming stands 12th in the number of her cattle and 14th in the amount of her gold output.

One of the Goulds is said to have established in Passaic, N. J., a factory that will turn out 25,000,000 matches a day.

A belt in one of the big flouring mills at Minneapolis contains 300 cowhides. It is 200 feet long, and weighs over a ton.

Great Britain will launch seven new battleships within the present fiscal year. They are to be built after the Majestic type.

In the eastern portion of the Central Pacific Ocean there is an area of 10,500,000 square miles in which there are only seven soundings.

The birthplace of President James Monroe, on the Potomac, near Mt. Vernon, has come into the ownership of Mr. Seward, a colored man.

The number of fires from electric wires or lights during the past year was 238, and the value of the property thus destroyed amounted to $3,204,587.

Pakhoi, in China, exports over 100,000 dried lizards, valued at $2500, yearly. They are used for making lizard wine, a medicine used for eye troubles.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

A. C. Cook, Jr., of Manchester, Eng., is aged 71 years, but he recently won a wager of five pounds by beating younger competitors to the top of a ship's riggings.

A law in Norway prohibits any person from spending more than five cents for liquor at one visit to a public house, and alcoholic stimulants are supplied only to sober persons.

At the Vienna Foreign Office a private newspaper, which is made up of extracts from all the principal journals in Europe, is printed every day for the exclusive use of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The cry about alienism in the army has stirred the War Department to an investigation of the nativity of officers and men. Ninety-nine per cent. of the officers are citizens of the United States, as are 77 per cent. of the non-commissioned officers and 75 per cent. of the privates.

A London coal company recently lost 3000 tons of coal, the result of over-thoughtfulness. Seventy barges loaded with coal were floated from the dock of the company, and to secure greater safety they were stoutly lashed together, tandem fashion. One of them sprung a leak and sank, pulling down the other 69.

A Chicago man, during the whole of his lifetime, has never taken any medicine. He has constantly consulted doctors and chemists, and all the medicine they prescribed for him he put away in a room. The result of this strange fancy is that he has now 1900 bottles of medicine, 1370 boxes of powders and 870 boxes of pills.

Ex-Senator Warren's ranch in Wyoming covers an area of 70 by 100 miles, and is stocked with 3000 horses, 15,000 cattle and 120,000 sheep. The extreme length of Rhode Island is 50 miles and her extreme breadth is 35 miles, her entire area being 1250 square miles. The area of Mr. Warren's ranch is 7500 square miles, and it is, therefore, just six times as big as Rhode Island.

Suit has been brought against a New York millionaire for $500 for the use of an incubator for 118 day. A premature baby, weighing two pounds at her birth, by the use of the incubator was kept so nicely warmed that she developed into a fine, fat and healthy child; and now the ungrateful parent refuses to pay $5 a day in compensation for such a unique successful service. The determination of this suit will involve some novel points of law.

IN THE MIRROR.

BY W. W. LONG.

Across the polish of this glass
No fairer face did ever pass,
Of all her stately, royal mien,
Than my sweet love, in simple green;
Its secret to me is confessed,
That she of all is loveliest.

ON POLYANDRY.

We find polyandry or one wife with many husbands existing in the present century in each quarter of the globe. Of its existence in other localities in the past we have direct evidence.

According to Polybius, polyandry was practised in Ancient Greece, and according to a well-known passage in Cæsar it was practised by the Celts in Britain. In the Irish Nennius we also find direct evidence of its existence.

In Media, according to Strabo, in certain cantons, polygamy was ordained by law, while in other cantons the opposite rule was in force. Polyandry receives a partial sanction in the Institutes of Menu, and is adverted to without reproach in the Epic of the Maha-bharata, the heroine of which, Draupadi, was the wife of five Pandu brothers. It existed among the Getes of Transoxiana, the Guanches of the Canary Islands, and the Caribs of the West Indies.

Polyandry thus cannot be regarded as exceptional, since we find direct evidence of its existence among so many peoples, but the conditions which alone could have caused it have, in the great majority of cases, passed away; the general rule is for women to be more numerous than men, and it is, therefore, to the survival from polyandry, to the practices derived from it and perpetuated through custom, that we must chiefly trust for indications of its former wide distribution.

Now one of the most remarkable customs connected with polyandry is that of a brother taking to wife a deceased brother's widow, and reckoning the children born of the new union as the children of the deceased. This custom originates from the practice in polyandrous unions, of the children always being considered the offspring of the husband who first espouses the wife. The first husband is considered the head of the household, the family property is vested in him, and all the children are feigned to be his, even those born after his death.

Thus, in Thibet, the right of choosing the wife belongs to the elder brother, to whom all the children of the marriage are held to belong. In Ladak when the elder brother marries, the juniors, if they agree to the arrangement, become inferior husbands. Among the Ancient Britons the children of the wife were accounted to belong to the first husband who married her, and the same rule prevails in Ceylon.

Wherever, then, we find the custom of "raising of seed" to a deceased brother, we are justified in holding that the people who observe it were once polyandrous. Examples of this custom have been found among the Makololo, the Jews, the Gallas and the Zulus. Among the Jews the custom was so far modified that the obligation only held good when the deceased brother was childless. This was also the case with the Hindus when the Institutes of Menu were compiled, and is the case at the present day with the Shushwap of British Columbia and other people.

In Ladak, the younger brothers are not obliged to be joint husbands of the wife of their eldest brother—it is optional with them—but the property, authority and wife of the oldest brother devolve, at his decease, upon the brother next in age, whether he has agreed to the polyandrous union or not. In this case we see the original custom in a state of decay. Polyandry dies out, but the law of succession to property is perpetuated through custom.

This custom of a brother succeeding to an elder brother's property and wives is almost universal among the lower races. Among the Bechuanas a son succeeds to his father's wives, and the sons of the offspring, he feigns to be his father's children. The property and wives generally go together, but among the Zulus, the sons inherit the property, and the brothers take the wives.

Another survival from polyandry is that system of succession, under which property descends from brother to brother, and then to the son of the eldest brother. This system is found in force among the Kirghiz, the Aeneze Arabs, and the Mongols, the next brother being heir even when the elder leaves issue.

Enough has however been said to show how very widespread polyandry has been. Traces of it are in fact found so universally that we are justified in regarding it as a normal phase of human progress.

AN ORIGINAL SERMON.—A contemporary contains the following singular sermon for the times, which another paper calls "a skeleton in want of meat:"

Subject: Personal Poverty. Text: I am poor. In discoursing to you on this subject to-day, I shall, by God's blessing, be enabled to establish the position assumed in the text with but little effort. Let it be borne in mind that the subject is personal.

1. What I must pay by the 1st of April, 1895: 1. My note to A. B., for horse, etc., $135; 2. Board bill to C. D., one quarter, $125; 3. Servant's hire, $15; 4. Washing bill, $12; 5. Necessary for other expenses, $10. Total, $297.

2. What I have got wherewithal to pay it: 1. Salary for one quarter, if paid, $200; 2. A wife; 3. A child, though both excellent of their kind, must, in this account, be put down $00 00. Total, $200.

3. What I must have to get through with the right side up, and no mistake: 1. The sum of $97; 2. A friend to give it; 3. The thing itself, $297.

Application.—1. Will you give it? or 2. Shall I quit the ministry to make it? If so, who will be responsible, and for how much?

"Now," said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You have got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you should not take that too."

Grains of Gold.

The devil is always polite upon first acquaintance.

Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than the other kind.

If you want your life to be a success, never take a stand against the truth.

The devil will never lose hope as long as he has an army of moderate drinkers.

There are plenty of people who are very pleasant while they can have their own way.

Some people seem to stop being religious the moment they can't have their own way.

The devil would soon be on the run if one-talent people would do all the good they could.

Not until we have begun to lay up treasure in heaven do we sincerely want to go there.

Look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.

It is to be regretted that people who would have done thus and so if they had been there never get there.

Humor usually tends toward good nature, and everything that tends toward good nature tends toward good grace.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Vices have their place in nature, and are employed to make up the warp of our lives, as poisons are useful for the preservation of our health.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for when truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return and will pass out and betray herself one time or other.

Femininities.

Many of the great men of history were epileptics.

Bluebeard's trade evidently was that of a belle-hanger.

The man who lives only to please himself has a hard master.

At a recent wedding in Paris the bride wore a train four yards and a half long.

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.

A German statistician says that 3000 years hence there will be one man to every 230 women.

A cynical man of the world remarks that "the more checks a spendthrift has the faster he goes."

One hundred Topeka, Kansas, women have signed a pledge committing them to wear Turkish trousers.

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.

Miss Margaret Ploster, of Schenectady, N. Y., is said to be still a fair hand (and foot) at bicycling, though over 93 years old.

In Spain a complaint distinctly peculiar to girls who roll cigarettes, and which is not unlike writer's cramp, is growing common.

Mr. Softleigh: "Now, really, how long do you think you could love a man?"

Miss Fickel: "Oh, anywhere between 5 feet 8 and 6 feet."

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

The process of bookmaking has, from time immemorial, been so cheap in China that a book of 20 or 30 pages is rarely sold for more than one cent.

Every Flemish town has a square called the "egg market," where on certain days the country people resort and offer their produce to the inhabitants.

English tourist: "I say, what makes you Americans talk with your noses?"

American: "I say, what makes you Britishers talk with your don't-you-knowses?"

Miss Sophie A. Nordhoff, a former student of medicine at Washington, has been appointed a physician at the famous Woman's Clinic of Professor Von Winkel, in Munich.

Some recently published statistics of the United States Army show that no less than 150 women disguised as men served as soldiers in the Army of the Potomac during the civil war.

James E. Kelly, a young sculptor, whose statues have given him a name, is a member of the Seneca tribe. His Indian cognomen is Ganisquaw, meaning a pale face without a wife.

A Missouri farmer recently lost two horses by lightning striking a barbed wire fence, with which the animals came in contact in reaching for hay. Two others were injured at the same time.

It is reported that Miss Frances E. Willard has decided not to advocate political prohibition any longer. She thinks the best way to promote temperance among workingmen is to better their social condition.

He: "Did the Gridleys go to a summer resort?"

She: "Pooh, no!"

"How did you find out?"

"Madge wrote home that she had met three pleasant gentlemen the first day there."

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?"

"Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy, with an air of having the better of it.

John W. Hutchinson, one of the famous family of singers to whom our fathers and grandfathers listened, is defendant in a suit brought by a widow, aged 28, who alleges breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Hutchinson, who is 74 years old, denies the charge.

A country couple, newly married, went to a restaurant the other day, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind, he replied: "We want that kind of wine where the cork bursts out and the stuff begins to bile, and keeps on a bilin' till you get the worth of your money."

Little Dick: "Miss Antique is most 40 years old."

Mother: "I told you to stop asking ladies their ages."

"I didn't."

"Then how do you know she is nearly 40?"

"I asked her how many times she had seen the 17-year locusts."

In Indiana there are 402 children in the poor-houses and 1259 in the orphan asylums. In 34 counties last year the dependent children cost $105,000. The total cost in all the counties was about $150,000. Under the Indiana system, Secretary Bicknell says, most of these children are reared to lead the life of a pauper, and the State has to aid in their support all their lives.

Masculinities.

It is said that all the grandsons of Dickens bear the name of Charles.

The only European monarch who accepts the Darwinian theory is King Oscar, of Sweden.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

A lineal descendant of the famous Baron Munchausen recently won the Jubilee Gold Cup in the Baden, Germany, races.

If people would talk only on those subjects of which they have positive knowledge, conversation would become a lost art.

In Sitka, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper half of her face a deep black.

Astronomy was a highly developed science in Assyria B. C. 2231. The Book of Job, written about B. C. 1520, mentions several constellations.

Wm. Stanley, of Massachusetts, who is over 80 years of age, has completed a table-cloth, 8 by 5 feet, in which he has worked 170 figures with 146 skeins of silk.

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked, and is desirous to make amends.

Burnett, Wis., young women had a nail driving contest to raise money for the Sunday school. The one who never hit her thumb a single once was adjudged the winner.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of My Country 'Tis of Thee, recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of his marriage. He and his wife reside quietly at Newton Centre, Mass.

Ex-State Senator Cyrus Flaxtoben, of Concord, N. H., has a huge kite, on which he sends up his household linen to dry on washday. It is suspended about a quarter of a mile from the ground.

The Chinese Minister, Yang Yu, is so anxious to avoid diplomatic errors that he insists upon having every word of each State document thoroughly defined before he will append his signature.

Some Boston club-women are talking of a "winter flower mission," which shall give to the costly and beautiful flowers of teas, luncheons and balls a second service, gladdening the sick and destitute.

Employer: "Thompson, you are discharged."

Employe: "But what have I done, sir?"

Employer: "Nothing—absolutely nothing! That's what I complain about."

General Count Paskievitch, whose beautiful wife eloped (at the time of the Second Empire) with Lord Hamilton, of England, from Paris, was among the recent victims of cholera at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Katherine Roberts, at the celebration of 108th birthday, recently, at Topeka, Kansas, wore a gown made for her when she was 18 years old, a blue and white organdie, short waist and short, puffed sleeves.

Boy, who has lost his way: "I say, mister, how far is it to Camptown Creek?"

Man, surlily: "Find out. I ain't no city directory."

Boy: "No, you ain't; you're a volume on good manners, you are!"

"Before we were married," she sobbed, "you would go out with me anywhere."

"Well, what of it?"

"Now I don't believe you would even go to my funeral."

"Ah! wouldn't I, though!"

Honeymoon albums are said to be a part of the wedding preparations of the up-to-date bride. They are simply put together, being, as a rule, made of a number of sheets of heavy linen paper cut a fancied size, usually wider than long, and inclosed in covers that may be anything.

It is said that seven suicides is the normal daily average in New York and vicinity. Facts collated prove that poverty, which is usually considered a prime cause for self-murder, does not figure as the motive in the majority of these suicides, for most of the persons are those in comfortable circumstances.

A silver box was recently found at Auboone, Switzerland, containing the heart of Abraham Duquesne, the great admiral of Louis XIV., after whom the first settlement at Pittsburg was named, and who was the only Protestant allowed to remain unmolested in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His sons, who were banished, had placed the heart in the church at Auboone. It is to be sent to Dieppe, Duquesne's birthplace.

A friend of ours assures us that he can tell a woman's nationality by the manner in which she lifts her dress in wet weather. If she raises her dress very high, and the effect is disappointing to the lookers-on, she is an Englishwoman. If she raises it modestly high, and walks on the flat of her foot, she is a German. If she elevates it daintily, but sufficiently to clear the mud, and walks on her toes, she is French. Last of all, if she pulls it up with a saucy little tug, and walks on her heels, she is a true-bred Yankee.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

This being the theatre and concert time gowns adapted to them are becoming of special interest. A concert dress of heliotrope peau de soie is adorned with beautiful black silk guipure. The top of the closely-fitting bodice is entirely veiled with guipure describing a square yoke finished at the throat with a feather trimmed collar. The full upper sleeves are confined at the lower edge by a band of guipure, the under sleeves being of the same. The first skirt is plain, while the underskirt is outlined with feather above, which shows a border of guipure. A pretty little capote is adorned with a blackbird set on a knot of glace heliotrope ribbon; the brim is outlined with jet; ostrich tips are clustered at the back.

A toilette of crepon is trimmed with ecru guipure or embroidery. In the whole length of the front there is a box pleat which gradually expands as it descends and ascends from the waist. The trimming on the hem of the skirt ends at either side under the folds of the pleat. On the bodice the trimming forms a square collar. Voluminous gigot sleeves are finished with musketeer cuffs stitched with black; pockets to match. The black hat is trimmed with black feathers. White gloves and black parasol complete the costume.

A very "fit" gown is made of blue ribbed silk adorned with peacock feathers. A wide band of this covers the hem of the skirt which is cut in the usual way. The vest has lapels and a collar of peacock feathers and deep cuffs matching. A border of white silk shows above the cuffs. Inside the vest there is a folded fichu of black silk or satin filled in at the top with a chemisette of white silk. The black hat with crinkled wavy brim is adorned with a profusion of black feathers. White gloves should be worn.

A stylish toilette is made up of changeable silk in a pretty shade of light brown with a pink sheen. The skirt has no trimming and the blouse bodice is confined by a corselet of spangled black net, pointed ends of which hang over the skirt. The ruffle round the throat is of tulle to match. A very pretty toque hat is adorned with a chou of net, flowers and aigrette.

A young lady's toilette is made up of almond-green glace silk. The skirt is cut on the fashionable bell shape model, it has no trimming, but the bodice is tastefully adorned with cream colored guipure forming drapery on the front and on the sleeves which are finished with very deep cuffs of the same guipure, the collar made to match. The sash of white ribbon is knotted on the left side, the ends falling nearly to the edge of the skirt. The black hat is trimmed with black ribbon, a black bird and a cluster of blooms on the black en cache-peigne.

A quiet but very stylish gown of dark blue cheviot, seen at a famous Parisian coutourier's, had a wide fluted skirt without garniture on the edge. By a fluted skirt we mean one which fits closely over the hips and then falls in fluted folds at the sides and in front. The back may be either plaited or gathered. And now to return to our blue cheviot skirt. The back was plaited toward the centre in six side plaits, three on either side. Each plait was held in position to a distance of about six inches below the waist by small black covered buttons placed a half inch apart.

The bodice was close-fitting in the back, with a wide box plait down the centre. The French blouse front had a short yoke of gay plaid velvet, below which two side plaits on either side turned toward the centre, leaving down the middle of the front a plain space of about four inches and were held in position by small buttons to match the back of the skirt. A round collar of cheviot terminated at the side plaits. The very large gigot sleeves were devoid of trimming. A full collar band and belt of plaid velvet had each a large bow of the same at the back.

Red was the predominating color in this velvet, which formed a charming combination with the dark blue. Tartans and other gay plaid velvets are much in vogue for trimming the darker toned dresses, to which they add much life and style. In these the most popular colors are red, blue and green. Other fancy velvets, such as checks, stripes and moire sable, are also very fashionable, a black and white check with a hair line of red being especially effective.

Another very chic costume was fashioned in beige and green English novelty suiting. This again is a skirt without garniture, but which is, in this instance, box plaited in the back. The front of the corsage is a little full, but the back is close fitting and has a centre box plait the same width as the centre box plait of the skirt. Below a wide crushed belt of green velvet, a full double basque of novelty suiting almost meets at the waist, spreading as it descends. In the back this basque forms a long point, which apparently disappears under the centre box plaits of the skirt. Thus we have one continuous box plait from the neck to the edge of the skirt, interrupted only by the belt at the waist. The puff sleeves are finished at the elbow by a full band of green velvet. A cream lace collar, the inner edge of which terminates at the yoke line, where it is finished by a large chou of green velvet, slopes to a point at the armhole. The crushed velvet collar has a large chou at the back.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Do Women Know—That Russia or brown leather may best be treated with ordinary saddle soap, and this is the method which is recommended. Sponge off the dust rinse out the sponge in clear water, and squeeze it nearly dry. Then rub into it as much soap as it will contain: rub that in turn thoroughly into the leather, and leave it to dry. Then polish with a chamois either with or without the addition of a little cream.

That lime water is an important factor in the nursery, and no mother would neglect its use if she realized its effect on the bones and teeth of growing children. When placed in milk it adds a sweeter flavor if no more than a teaspoonful is used to a tumblerful of milk. It may also be used for indigestion.

That a raw egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a fish bone down that cannot be removed from the throat by the utmost exertion, and has got out of the reach of the saving finger.

That the fashionable boot and shoe is made in a pointed last, with a straight tip. Because of the movement of the toe all shoes are worn one size larger than usual.

That it is said freckles may be removed by putting an ounce each of alum and lemon juice into a pint of rosewater and applying it at night.

That hair dye is considered so detrimental to a long life that a Paris insurance company refuse to insure the lives of women who use it.

That articles of old furniture are sometimes made to appear new by washing them with lime water and then applying a coat of oil.

That corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes entirely immersed in melted parafine.

That it is a good thing during the hot humid weather of dog days to keep a box of lime in the kitchen pantry as a purifier.

That rain water and white castile soap in a lukewarm suds is the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

That the pulp of a lemon rubbed on the roots of the hair will stop ordinary cases of falling out.

Fainting.—Fainting is caused by the blood leaving the brain. Place the patient flat and allow the head to be lower than the body. Sprinkle cold water on the face. Hartshorn may be held near the nose, not to it. A half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, in a wineglassful of water, will tend to revive the patient. If the symptoms recur, send for a physician.

Cramp in the Leg.—A garter applied tightly round the limb affected will, in most cases, speedily remove the complaint. When it is more obstinate, a brick should be heated, wrapped in a flannel bag, and placed at the foot of the bed, against which the person troubled may place his feet. No remedy, however, is equal to that of diligent and long continued friction.

Moths.—The fumes of burning camphor gum or sulphur will suffocate moth millers. It is a very disagreeable operation, but is so effective that any room where they are known to be should be fumigated this month. To do this with entire success remove the contents of trunks and wardrobes and hang on backs of chairs; close doors and windows; set a panful of water in the middle of the room, at a safe distance from all the hangings and furniture; in this place a small iron pot half filled with ashes and the camphor; for a room 15 by 18 feet use a piece as large as a walnut; saturate with alcohol and set the camphor on fire. It will burn fiercely at first, but if proper precautions are observed there is no danger; leave the room as soon as you are satisfied that your furniture is in no danger of taking fire; allow the mass to burn itself out, which it will do in half an hour; open the windows and doors for an hour.

Moths prefer soiled to clean garments. The first step toward the safety of garments before putting them away is to turn pockets inside out, beat all dust, saturate and clean with benzine if necessary. Allow the clothes to hang in the sunlight for several hours. Moths hate the light. They work in the dark.

"You seem to be in splendid health," said his friend. "I thought you were suffering from dyspepsia?" "So I was," replied Swintles, "but I got hold of the recipes my wife got at a fashionable cooking school and burnt 'em."

SWEET LAVENDER.

When summer is nearly past, and autumnal tints are just beginning to appear, the call of "Sweet Lavender!" is one of the familiar street cries of this and other cities. The call reminds us of the near approach of colder, darker days; but it also brings up thoughts of one of the sweetest of all floral perfumes.

The majority of those who purchase the sprigs of the little lavender plants thus offered know little how or where they are grown, yet the cultivation of the plant is an important branch of the horticultural industry, and is specially valuable from the fact that it is carried on on land which cannot be made to support any other crop of much value. A little information about the lavender plant may be welcomed by those who have received pleasure from its sweetly perfumed sprigs and blossoms, or the fragrant volatile oil distilled from it.

The recognized species of lavender number about twenty, but only one of them is grown to any extent in this country. This is "Lavandula vera," a plant about eighteen in height, of a shrubby habit, and producing blue flowers. It is a member of the great aromatic plant-family, "Labiatæ," or Lip-flower tribe, which also contains the highly odorous plants, mint, thyme, rosemary, balm, sage and marjoram. It is a native of Southern Europe and the northern shores of Africa, where it grows in dry, stony soil, generally on mountain slopes, and has been found at an altitude of five thousand feet.

It was introduced to this country early and ever since has been a favorite in our gardens. Other species of lavender are grown in France and other parts of the Continent for commercial purposes; but the oil extracted from them is not so delicately perfumed as that of "L. vera." One of these "L. spica," gives the well-known Oil of Spike, which is used to prepare pigments for porcelain-painting, and varnish for artists.

The plant is very easily grown. In the dryest situation, the poorest soil, and the most unpromising circumstances, it finds a congenial home, and gives, with comparatively little care, a valuable crop of its fragrant blossoms. On well conducted lavender farms, a new plantation is formed every spring. In this way a succession of young vigorous plants is assured. The plantations are only allowed to remain four or, at most, five years, being then dug up and re-formed.

When a new plantation is to be made, the land receive a shallow ploughing. Plants are then lifted from an old plantation and divided into slips with a few roots attached to them. These slips are planted in rows of eighteen inches apart, the same space being left between the plants in the rows.

When two years have elapsed, the plants in every alternate row, and every alternate plant in the remaining rows, are lifted and transplanted in some other field. When this work is completed, the plants are three feet apart each way, and remain in this position till their profitable productiveness has ended.

The third, fourth, and fifth years of the life of a plantation are the most remunerative. During this period the plants are in full vigor of their growth, and their leaves and flowers yield, in distillation, the maximum of essential oil. The land is kept scrupulously clean by the use of the hoe. This is about all the attention the plants get during the spring and early summer.

Early in August the flowers begin to develop, and the cutting and bunching of the spikes is commenced. At the first cutting, only those plants which are furnished with flowers nearly fully expanded are chosen. This rule is observed in the subsequent gatherings. A hook of a special shape is used in cutting the sprigs. This implement is narrower and more bent in the middle than the common reaping-hook.

The oil extracted from the lavender plant has been used as a perfume and cosmetic from time immemorial. Its extensive use by the Romans in their baths is well known, and is probably the origin of the name of the plant, from lavare, to wash.

Oil of Lavender when mixed with spirits of wine forms the popular lavender water, which as a cosmetic is unrivalled. After exposure to heat and dust, nothing produces such a delightful feeling of coolness and refreshment as laving the hands and face in water containg a small quantity of lavender water. Being highly antiseptic, oil of lavender is also valuable in the sick-room.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.—Edgely: "Hello, old man! I hear that you are married. Wasn't it rather sudden?"

Wooden: "Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps."

Edgely: 'How did it happen?"

Wooden: "Well, you see, it was in this way. I was calling on Miss Simcon, and she said: 'Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that marriage is a failure?' 'Why, no,' said I; 'not always. I can imagine a case where it would undoubtedly be a perfect success.' At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck, and said: 'This is very sudden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day.'"

R. R. R.

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**Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck.
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,**

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No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

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This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

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Constipation,
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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music" for October is filled with matter on this subject of the highest value to those any way interested in this subject. Some of the leading writers on music topics of the day contribute to it and what is more their articles are fresh as they are good reading. Published at Chicago.

The leading article in "The Popular Science Monthly" for October is one which will be read with great interest by every lover of and sympathizer with the game of football. It is entitled "The Football Situation." The writer sustains his claim with vigor and ability, and gives some excellent thoughts on improvements in the game. Prof. Sully gives in this number the third of his valuable papers, "Studies of Childhood," dealing with "The Questioning Age." "The American Champagne District" is the subject of an interesting paper, beautifully illustrated, by Lee J. Vance. Frederick Le Roy Sargent contributes a second illustrated article on "Barberries: a Study of Uses and Origins." Other able papers are: "Some Lessons from Centenarians," by J. M. French, M. D., and "The Half-blood Indians." Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for October presents an unusually interesting variety of miscellaneous articles. Among those finely illustrated are: "Identifying Criminals;" "Sun Spots," by Prof. Sir Robert S. Ball; description of "The Royal Highlands;" "The Social Duty of Women—The Musical 'At Home.'" The Family Doctor talks about "How to Avoid Infectious Diseases." The complete stories are all first-class and the serials are of growing interest. Published at New York.

There are many attractive stories in the current number of "St. Nicholas," including "Lucifer," a story of an Angora cat; "The Wreck of the 'Markham,'" which occurred on the Nantucket shoals; "The Vanderveer Medal;" "Anthony and the Ancients;" "A Wonderful Monster—the Walrus;" "Decatur and Somers," a continued naval story of the Tripolitan war; "A Little King with a Long Name;" "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," continued; "Two Schoolhouses and a Shipwreck," a Japanese story; "A Troop of Wolves After a Deer;" "The Brownies Through The Union;" "The Coyote." Published by the Century Co., New York.

HOW SNAKES SWALLOW.

How can a snake manage to get down its throat an animal which is far larger than its own head? Have you ever closely examined a human skull? If so, you will have noticed that the bones forming the upper part of the head are so closely knit together as to be practically only one bone—that the lower jaw alone can be moved—that the two branches of the jaw are joined together in front, and that it articulates directly with the skull itself.

Now, look at the snake's skull. Instead of the bones being knit compactly together, they are easily movable, being merely connected with one another by very elastic ligaments, which are capable of stretching to a great extent. In this way lateral expansion is provided for. The lower jaw is not jointed to the skull directly, but to a long movable bone, which again joins a small bone that does articulate with the skull. This arrangement forms a kind of lever which gives the snake great power of vertical expansion. Then, again, the upper and lower jaws are both movable, and the two branches of the lower jaw are not joined together, so that either side of the jaw can be worked independently of the other. The snake's teeth—which are so small that they could not harm you, even if you could irritate the creature into trying to bite—are all curved or set backwards, giving great power in holding any object.

The way in which this wonderful mechanism works is very plain. When a frog is caught, the snake being able to use either jaw, works them backwards and forwards, and as the backward-pointing teeth prevent the unfortunate from escaping, it is drawn by degrees down the snake's throat, the loosely set bones of the head opening to allow of its passage. Then the powerful muscles of the gullet come into play, pushing the victim still farther down, while the snake rolls about, rubbing its throat violently on the ground, to help in forcing a frog down.

It is seldom that a frog when once seized is able to escape, though we have seen a very large one, which had been caught by a small snake, shake itself free after a long struggle. Sometimes, too, a snake will seize a frog which it is physically unable to swallow, and which it is forced to disgorge when half eaten; but it is almost incredibe what an enormous disproportion there is between the snake and what it can and does eat. In one of the Natural History collections there is preserved a viper which had managed to swallow a large mouse. The latter had, however, proved too large even for the expansible throat of its enemy, and the result was that the muscles of the snake's neck had been burst open, of course killing it. After making a heavy meal, a snake generally remains in a semi-torpid state for a time, and it has a curious habit of yawning or gaping immediately after eating. It requires food only once in four or five weeks, and we have had specimens which persistently refused food for three to four months at a time.

Whilst swallowing, the snake's windpipe is compressed to such an extent that it is unable to breathe. It is able also to remain for a considerable time under the surface of water without being under the necessity of coming to the top for air. To provide for these contingencies, the lungs are modified in a curious way. One lung is shrivelled and shrunken, and useless, and has, in fact, almost disappeard. The other is extended to form a long sac, or bag, of air, providing a reservoir for the snake to draw upon when the usual mode of breathing is interfered with. It must also be remembered that reptiles respire much less than mammals do.

ROOSTERS.—There is not on the whole horizon or ov liv natur a more pleasing and strengthening studdy than the rooster. This remarkable the package of feathers has bin for ages food for philosophik, as well as the simple currious mind. They belong tew the feathered sekt denominated poultry, and are the husbands ov menny wives. In Utah it is konsidered a disgrace tew speak disrespekful of a rooster.

The flesh ov the rooster is very similar tew the flesh ov the hen; it is hard to distinguish the difference, especially in yure soup.

Roosters are the pugilists amung the domestik burds; they wear the belt, and having no shoulder tew strike from, they strike from the heel.

Roosters, according to profane history, if mi edukashun remembers me right, were formerly a man, who came suddenly upon one ov the heathen gods, at a time when he wan't prepared tew see company, and was, for that offense, rebuilt over into the fust rooster, and was forever afterward destined to crow, as a kind ov warning. This change from a man akounts for their fighting abilities, and for their politeness tew the hens. There is nothing in a man a woman admires more than his reddyness and ability tew smash another fellow, ann it iz jiss so with a hen. When a rooster gits licked, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or handsome.

It is pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

There iz grate variety ov pedigree amung the rooster race; but for stiddy bizness, give me the old fashioned, short-legged Dominique rooster. When they walk, they always strut, and their buzzums stick out, like an alderman's bread-basket. This breed is hawk-colored, and has a crooked tail on them, arched like a sickle, and as full ov feathers as a new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw all outside influences overboard, there aint nothing on earth, nor under it, that kan out-style, out-step, out-brag, or out-pluck, a regular Bantam rooster.

They always put me in mind ov a small dandy, prakticing before a looking glass.

JOSH BILLINGS.

A CANINE CHAMPION.—A gentleman residing in one of the suburbs of Portland, Me., had occasion to visit Bridgeton, a town some forty to fifty miles distant. He went with his own team, and a favorite little dog of the spaniel breed accompanied him. From Bridgeton he was forced to go to Fryeburg, and, as the roads were somewhat muddy, he left his private carriage at the hotel and took the stage for this last bit of his journey, his dog remaining behind with the team. On his return in the stage, the landlord, with sincere distress, informed him that during his absence his spaniel, had been attacked by a large ferocious dog belonging to a neighboring butcher, and had disappeared. The gentleman was very sorry, as the spaniel had been a pet of the family; but he did not care to waste time or breath in useless complaints. On the next morning he took his own team again and went northward in pursuance of his business. At the end of a week he again returned to the hotel in Bridgeton, when the landlord informed him that a few days before the little spaniel had come back, accompanied by a large mastiff, that the mastiff had fiercely set upon the butcher's dog and almost killed him. From the description given of this canine champion, the gentleman had no doubt that it was his own watchdog, and on his return home he found such to the fact. His gardener told him that after his departure the little spaniel returned one day, bearing marks of ill-usage, and, having apparently held a consultation with the mastiff, the two dogs went away together, and were absent three days, and, when they came back, they exhibited unmistakable signs of having traveled a considerable distance.

TOO LATE.—In a small country village there lived a certain schoolmistress. She thought herself and was looked upon as a person "above the common." In the same village resided a grocer's son, named Tom, who had fallen in love with the "schoolmarm"; but for the life of him he dared not tell his love to his adored one. One day he mustered up courage to lay his case before a neighbor, a woman, who advised him to go to the parson at once and put the "axings" in for himself and the lady. The young man did as he was told, and on the following Sunday the banns were called over in church. The schoolmister was not present, but a neighbor who was lost no time in telling what she had heard read in church. The "schoolmarm" was of course in a terrible rage, and said, "Wait until I see that Tom! I'll give him something he little expects for his mad pranks!" The following day she met poor Tom in the lane—Tom had been told what he might expect at such a meeting—and began to give him the "length of her tongue." Tom, in his fright, could only blurt out, "Well, if you dunnot like it, I can go to the parson and stop it." "Oh, bother it," she said, "it's too late now!"

A PROFESSIONAL maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made a fortune by working with a will.

A ST. LOUIS boy recently swallowed a fly, and, despite the efforts of a physician, died from the effects.

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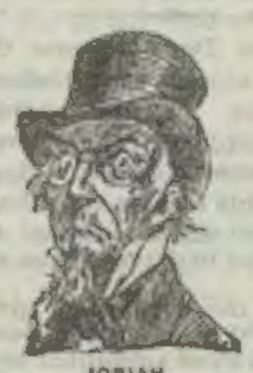

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Humorous.

FORGOTTEN.

She measured out the butter with a very
solemn air;
The milk and sugar also; and she took the
greatest care
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little
bit
Of baking-powder, which, you know, begin-
ners oft omit.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked
it full an hour,
But she never quite forgave herself for leav-
ing out the flour.

—U. N. Nose.

"Good gracious," said the hen, when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

A minister, having some of his old sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the reply.

Cleverton: "Say, did you ever hear of a $4 bill?" Dashaway: "Certainly. I had one presented to me the last time you invited me to lunch."

School teacher: "What have the numerous expeditions to the North Pole accomplished?" Scholar: "Made geography lessons harder."

Judge: "Why did you commit a second theft after you had just been acquitted of a first charge?" Prisoner: "So that I could pay my lawyer."

"Tommy Wing's mother is awful good and kind to him." Mamma: "What has she done that is so thoughtful?" "Let him have measles just the day school began."

Mother: "And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life." Bobbie: "Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"

Doctor: "Have you followed my advice in regard to eating plain food and keeping quiet at home?" Patient: "That's all I've been able to do since you sent in your bill."

Mamma: "Don't you think, Emma, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?"

Emma: "I know it; but the older I get the better I like them."

"Which song would you rather hear Miss Warble sing?"

"Mariner Bold."

"But she doesn't sing that at all."

"I know. That is why I prefer it."

"But are you sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?"

"Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated men—and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you, dear?"

Old gentleman, in horse car: "Madam, you are on my foot."

Madam, severely: "If you were gentleman enough to give a lady a seat there would be no trouble!"

Old gentleman: "But where is the lady?"

"Habit," said Willie Wishington, "is one of nature's gweatest gifts to mankind."

"It isn't generally so considered."

"The populah mind is pwone to misappwehension, you know. The fact isn't genewally appweciated that habit is what makes people do the things they enjoy without having to go to the twouble of wemembewing to do them."

And Willie paused in silence and rested his mind.

Jenkins: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary, and a lot of others as well!"

Jones: "And didn't he try to hit you?"

Jenkins: "No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away."

Managing Editor: "Dubbs, that editorial you handed in this morning was a splendid piece of work."

Sub Editor: "I'm glad you like it, but I knew it would be appreciated."

Managing Editor: "There's only one thing I want to criticise. In copying it from Darwin you made evolution revolution. You will please be careful about this in the future."

"Well, Ethelinda De Wiggs, I don't see how you could go and engage yourself to that old Simpkins. Why, he hasn't a tooth in his head!" exclaimed Miss Wiggs' dearest friend, when she heard of the engagement.

"Well, dear," was the reply, "you mustn't be too hard on him on that account, for he was born that way."

"Was he? I didn't know that, or I wouldn't have said anything about it," was the sympathetic response.

Miss Clara: "Can you tell the names of the different stars and constellations, Mr. Featherly?"

Featherly: "Oh, yes. There is the North Star, and the Evening Star, and the Great Bear, and the Little Dipper, and the Milky Way and all the rest."

Miss Clara: "The Great Bear is called Ursa Major, is it not?"

Featherly: "Oh, you mean do I know their botanical names? I'm ashamed to confess I do not."

AT THE STREET CORNER.—"Not it, gov'nor. I ain't particklar what I sell as long as I makes a bit out of it. One day it's fish, another fruit, and another plants, perhaps, and if there ain't any bargains to be got, why I just falls back on crockery-ware or books for the day. A chap has got to keep working to earn a living now, ye know."

The speaker was a young man, and he had just succeeded in selling out a barrow load of fish to a crowd gathered round him, when the writer took him in hand.

"Where do I get the stuff to sell? Oh, at the markets to be sure, but I never buys anything unless I can see my way to sell it cheap. Say, for instance, I means to try fish. Well, I might attend the market for a week and not buy anything.

"The next week perhaps there's a 'glut' of fish what they're glad to get rid of at any price. That's my chance. I buy then, and between ourselves, if I manage to sell right out, as I did this morning, there's a tidy bit of profit.

"How much? Well, I couldn't tell you; y'see I never keeps account; besides, it varies a lot. I only know that I give the missus five-and-twenty shillings a week to keep house, and I've always got a few shillings for myself.

"Well," he concluded, "as it is with fish, so with t'other things. Anybody can sell if they've got the stuff at the right price, but a man's got to be a bit wide-oh in buying."

DUMAS AND HIS DOGS.—Monte Cristo never had its door closed, and Dumas the elder fed a regiment. The hungry trooped there. It often happened that there was not enough for dinner. He had a dog, as hospitable as was his master, and that dog invited twelve other dogs. Dumas' factotum in chief wanted to drive off the whole pack.

"Michel," said the greatest of modern romance makers, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away."

"Never, Michel, never. Go at once and find a fourteenth dog."

A COSTLY SANDWICH.—It is told of a certain Southern 'squire that, on a certain festive occasion, he, together with a party of gentlemen, began discussing their capacities for eating. After a heated discussion, the 'squire wagered that he could eat more than any other guest present, they to be the judges. The bet was taken, and all hands ate until they could eat no more, the 'squire apparently not being ahead in the gastronomical process. "Are you all done?" inquired the 'squire. The rest admitted that they were, and claimed the 'squire had not fulfilled his promise. The 'squire pulled out his capacious pocket-book, took there from a $100 note and, placing the bill between two thin slices of buttered bread, devoured the costly sandwich. He won the bet.

AN animated discussion, punctuated with objurgation, recently took place in a town council in the North. Finally one of the disputants gave the other the lie direct. The latter made a plunge at him, and, as the pair came to grips, the first exclaimed: "I reiterate that you are a liar." Whereupon the other accepted the apology. "If a man says he reiterates that is all any gentleman can ask." Accordingly, he relaxed his hold, and is still unable to account for the roars of laughter which greeted his observation.

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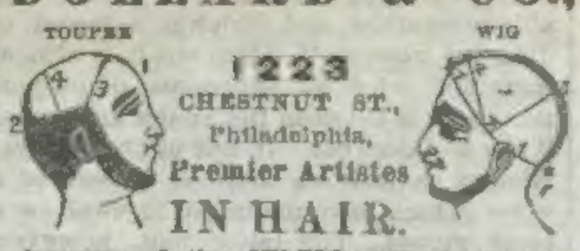

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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